

# THE SIGN



A · NATIONAL · CATHOLIC · MAGAZINE

The *Old Church in a New Conflict*

*By HILAIRE BELLOC*

Table d'Hote Shakespeare

*By FRANK BURTON*

The Bargainer from Kerioth

*By DANIEL B. PULSFORD*

To Dismas

*By H. F. BLUNT*

The Lark

*By D. A. McCARTHY*

Shylock and Internationalism

*By G. K. CHESTERTON*

My Card-Index on the Loose

*By JOHN GIBBONS*

Bridey McNulty Finds Tomorrow

*By ENID DINNIS*

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Vol. 10 No. 1

AUGUST, 1930

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# *Unemployment and the State*



POPE LEO XIII laid down a fundamental principle of sound political philosophy when he wrote in his encyclical on *Labor*: "Whenever the general interest or any particular class suffers or is threatened with injury which can in no way be met or prevented, it is the duty of the public authority to deal with it."

In view of the wide unemployment in every part of the country the time is evidently ripe for putting this principle into effect. Whatever the causes of unemployment, it is the plain duty of Municipal, State and Federal governments to take immediately some remedial action.

Every man who is ready and willing to work has the right to a job. He has a claim on regular wages to meet constant obligations. He is entitled to ample wages not only to meet pressing needs but to allow him sufficient to give his family the ordinary decencies of life.

President Hoover in his speech of acceptance on August 11, 1928, recognized this when he said: "There is no guarantee against poverty equal to a job for every man." And again at Newark on September 17, 1928, he stated: "I wish to lay down the proposition that the very prerequisite, the very foundation of economic progress to our industrial and business employees is full and stable employment."

After the Wall Street crash, he said, on November 15, 1929: "The postponement of construction during the past months, including not only buildings, railways, merchant marine and public utilities, but also Federal, State and Municipal public works, provides a substantial reserve for prompt, expanded action."

This statement was universally commended. But what has been done? Practically nothing! Had a half decent response been given to the President's suggestion, unemployment in almost every line of industry would have been decreased.

Now is the time for the people to demand that the civil authorities will enter upon a large program of public works. There is no question that in all parts of the country we need more highways, bridges and tunnels, better streets and sidewalks, more parks, playgrounds, schools and public buildings. In other words, if the State has not got the jobs to hand, let it make jobs.

Of course, there will be the stale objection that the creation of such jobs will mean the going into debt and the increase of taxes. Granted. But, then, when was any program of public construction carried out without entailing higher taxation? And, besides, whatever sacrifice will be incurred in fresh taxes will be more than compensated for in promoting the greater good of the larger number.

Exceptional measures must be taken to meet exceptional conditions. In other emergencies, such as fire, flood and war, our various forms of government did not hesitate to take prompt and vigorous action. Surely in this emergency of unemployment, when the interest of millions of Americans is at stake, and when actual poverty is so widespread, it is the plain duty of the authorities to take effective measures for the relief of the millions of idle workers.

*Father Harold Purcell, C.P.*

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## Current Fact and Comment

### *The Maltese Question*

THE enemies of the Church have found an occasion for rejoicing in the trouble between the Bishops of Malta and Lord Strickland, the representative of the English Government there. Unfortunately, that local trouble has developed into something of a conflict between the Holy See and the British Government. The English Prime Minister alleges that the Vatican has interfered in the temporal affairs of Malta; but he does not realize that he himself has very conspicuously intervened in local Maltese politics. He was not content merely with refusing the Maltese people an opportunity to elect the government they wished, but he is trying to impose upon them, in so far as he can, a government which is clearly anti-clerical and anti-Catholic. He has, of course, to have a pretext for his unwarrantable action and he finds that pretext in alleging that the Catholics of Malta in voting according to their consciences were not free voters simply because they looked to their ecclesiastical superiors for political guidance.

There would never have been a Maltese Question had it not been for the rash impertinence of Lord Strickland. This is not the first occasion when his bungling has caused trouble. Even Lord FitzAllan, one of his personal and political friends of many years standing, had this to say of him in the House of Lords: "It has often been said of him that if on occasion he has done the right thing he has been certain to do it in the wrong way, and whatever there may be against others to be said in this unhappy tangle, there can be no doubt that the whole origin of it is due to the noble lord."

And in the House of Commons Sir James Reynolds stated: "I am a personal friend of Lord Strickland. I have visited him in Malta and I have been his neighbor in Westmoreland, and I am extremely grieved that he has fallen into the trouble into which he has fallen, but I would point out to the honorable Members that in Malta, by the Constitution, the clergy are entitled to go into Parliament and to act entirely as layfolk may act."

"It has been the case that in recent years Lord Strickland has found himself in political warfare with certain of these priests. In my own opinion it is not every man who would have acted in that difficulty as Lord Strickland has acted. I say that on two occasions he acted in a manner which was practically creating a situa-

tion from which the clerical side could hardly withdraw without retaliation. I wish to explain to the honorable Members one thing which I think they ought to understand, much as I regret the situation which has arisen.

"Malta is an entirely Catholic country. The Catholic religion is the religion of the State under a Concordat and I want to get this thought into the minds of the honorable Members, that through misunderstanding, through the clash of personalities, it has come about that the clerical authorities there were of the definite opinion that Lord Strickland was seeking to destroy the Catholic Church in Malta."

### *'Untouchables' & the 'Saint'*

DESPITE our sincere sympathy with the aspirations of the agitators for Home Rule in India, we are far from being sure that anything like national independence in that country would work well, either for the world at large or even for the Indians themselves. The main obstacle to obtaining a full-measure of self-government lies in the division of the people into three distinct classes—Moslems, Hindus and Untouchables (out-castes). What the transfer of government-control in India from the British Parliament to an Indian Bureaucracy would mean to the forty million Untouchables may be judged from this message of an Indian Conference held recently at Amraoti. The message was sent out by its President, R. S. Neikaljyo:

India has seen every sort of government; but till the British came, we, the Untouchables, had absolutely no voice of our own. We could not dress; we could not move about; we could not educate ourselves; we could not own property; we were sold with the land, on which we were forced to live in hovels. Our bodies, our wives, our children belonged to our masters—the high-class Hindus. Our very souls were in perpetual bondage to them. Even our God was made to thrust us into everlasting perdition, simply because the high-browed Brahmin wanted it to be so. Now that we have a voice, and have a common platform, let us take the fullest opportunity to denounce, without let or hindrance, the atrocities committed on us in the name of religion, in the Name of God, Who has created us, in the name of the selfishness which has perverted the minds and the hearts of the thousands of our countrymen, supposed to have issued from the head, heart and hands of God Almighty.

We form a compact body of seven crores of people, and

yet we are treated worse than beasts. You may touch your horse; your dog may lick your hand; you may have your cat eating your food; you may have rats running about on your bed; you are not polluted. But you cannot permit an Untouchable to touch you, or to look at you, or to walk by the main street. His very shadow brings pollution. Not only is man polluted but even the very God is polluted. If an Untouchable looks at it, the God has to take a bath! He has to be sprinkled with cow-dung mixed with cow-urine! This is Untouchability.

We will not join Mahatma Gandhi's movement for civil disobedience, whether of the Salt Act or any other Act in India. We will not only denounce his revolutionary designs, but will side with the Government in the maintenance of Law and Order in India. Whatever he may do, he is not going to suffer; he has nothing to lose; but it will be our poor people who will have to bear all the miseries resulting from breaking of laws; and his revolutionary movement can only end by making us sink still deeper in the quagmire of Untouchability . . . .

As for Mahatma Gandhi, it is easy for anyone familiar with the conduct of the illiterate multitude of India to realize how easily they came to dub him "The Saint of Sabarmati." There is no other country in the world where the people are so quick to almost deify anyone who fires their imagination and regard him as "that power of God which is called great." There is not a political movement led by him in India which has not been followed by a trail of blood. While he preaches his so-called gospel of "non-resistance," he has himself been directly responsible for greater loss of human life than any other man in India. His latest policy reveals him as nothing short of another Pontius Pilate, for when he hears of the outrages and murders committed by his professed followers, he satisfies himself with saying that he washes his hands of all responsibility.

## Sherlock Holmes Returns

**T**HE death of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle removes one of our most interesting writers of detective fiction and a leading, and at times violent, exponent of spiritism. He shall live long in our literature as the creator of Sherlock Holmes; but the sad feature of his career is that in his later life he almost despised the entertaining fiction he had written, and devoted his time to the study and spread of the egregious spiritist cult. Before he died, he promised to communicate, if at all possible, with relatives and friends. Apparently it's possible, for mediums in various countries report having seen and spoken to him. At a meeting in Albert Hall, London, Mrs. Estelle Roberts, a medium who was sitting on the platform during a service held in his memory, suddenly turned to Lady Doyle and cried out: "He's here!" Sir Arthur was sitting next to Lady Doyle, in a chair which had purposely been left vacant, according to Mrs. Roberts, who also said that he was clad in full evening dress and had given her a message for Lady Doyle. What the message was neither the medium nor Lady Doyle would reveal. The latter sat almost immovable during most of the service, although she deliberately glanced several times at the empty chair beside her. She did not see Sir Arthur, however, in full evening dress or otherwise.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was born and raised a Catholic. At the mature age of sixteen he became convinced that the Faith was all wrong! We regret his death,

for the many hours of keen enjoyment his stories gave us. But still more do we regret that a man of his talent and generous impulses should give up the beautiful doctrine of the Communion of Saints for the vagaries, not to mention the jocularities, of spiritism.

## St. Peter Never in Rome?

**F**ROM time to time Protestant ministers will either deny or call in question the residence of St. Peter in Rome. The Rev. Dr. Clifford Macon, in his St. Peter's Day sermon in St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church, New York City, revived the oft-discredited doubt concerning the presence of St. Peter in the Eternal City. He said: "The New Testament, which is supposed to give a reliable and sufficient history of the early Christian Church, makes no mention of St. Peter as ever having visited Rome, or having exercised papal authority. The internal evidence was against it."

One of our readers, a recent convert, is much concerned over this assertion, and asks us to make a reply. It is easily given. But we doubt whether it will prevent the repetition of the absurd statement that St. Peter was never in Rome.

First of all it is false to suppose that the New Testament is a *complete history* of the Church in the beginning. The Sacred Writers never declared it to be such, nor did Christians ever regard it as such until the so-called Reformation, fifteen hundred years later. That the New Testament is "*reliable and sufficient history*" of the early Christian Church there can be no doubt. But there is a difference between a *reliable and sufficient history*, and a *complete history*. The omission of any mention in the New Testament of St. Peter's residence in Rome is neither for nor against that fact. One might with as good reason conclude that there were in reality but two apostles because the Acts of the Apostles narrate chiefly the activities of St. Peter and St. Paul.

As a matter of fact, however, St. Peter himself wrote his first Epistle from Rome, which he termed Babylon, no doubt on account of its iniquity. "The Church that is in Babylon saluteth you." (I Pet. 5:13.) The constant tradition of the Catholic Church has been that the city of Rome is signified by Babylon. That Babylon means Rome is admitted by informed Protestants. In Elliott's "Speakers Commentary" (Protestant) the following comment is made on the quoted text: "We have to remark that the city of Babylon (in Chaldea) was certainly not the seat of a Christian community; that no ancient record has the slightest trace of St. Peter's presence or work in Chaldea; that all the ancient authorities are unanimous in asserting that the latter years of his life were passed in the West of the Roman Empire. On the other hand Babylon was well known in Asia Minor during the lifetime of St. John as the *symbolical designation of Rome*. . . . Accordingly, we find an absolute consensus of ancient interpreters that their Babylon must be understood as equivalent to Rome." Elliott cites Thiersch, Ewald, and Hilgenfeld, all of whom hold the same view, and all without exception are recognized Protestant authorities.

The best answer to non-Catholics regarding this question is to refer them to the testimony of non-Catholic scholars, both Protestant and Rationalist, who cannot be

suspected of bias towards the claims of the Catholic Church. Here are a few non-Catholic scholars of England, France, and Germany, who admit the presence of St. Peter in Rome as a proven fact: Bleck, Cave, Credner, Cladius, De Wette, Grotius, Hales, Hilgenfeld, Lardner, Leibnitz, Macknight, Mangold, Meyer, Mynster, Neander, Renan, Steiger, Wiesler, Whiston, and Whitby. Whiston sums up their testimony in this manner: "That St. Peter was at Rome is so clear in Christian antiquity that it is a shame for any Protestant to confess that any Protestant ever denied it." (Memoirs.)

In the United States we have Dr. Philip Schaff. No one will suspect him of pro-Roman sympathies. On page 358 of his "History of the Christian Church" he says: "No scholar now denies that Peter was in Rome."

Surely, Dr. Macon will not relish being considered unscholarly and rash!

## The Omaha Congress

CATHOLIC clergy and laity from every section of the United States will assemble in Omaha, Nebraska, for the Sixth National Eucharistic Congress from September 23 to 25. This National Congress, coming a short time after the International Congress in Chicago, should result in an outpouring of Catholic clergy and laity seldom seen in America, for it is the first time in the history of National Congresses that laymen have been invited and urgently requested to participate. It is the first National Congress in nineteen years.

The Most Rev. Pietro Fumasoni-Biondi, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, will open the Congress with Solemn Pontifical Mass on Tuesday morning, September 23, and will represent the Holy Father at this great American Eucharistic gathering, the general theme of which will be: "The Blessed Eucharist, by Divine Institution, the Source and Center of Christian Life."

Most Rev. Francis J. L. Beckman, S.T.D., Archbishop of Dubuque, will preach the sermon at the solemn opening service, and Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, D.D., Bishop of Cleveland, will preside at all sessions of the Priests' Eucharistic League, in his office of National Protector and Patron of the Congress.

His Eminence George Cardinal Mundelein will speak on "The Blessed Eucharistic and Catholic Action" at the evening outdoor laymen's meeting on Wednesday night, September 24, at Creighton stadium. This meeting will also be addressed by the Honorable Martin T. Manton, senior judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, New York City.

Several special trains of delegates plan to come from Chicago for the Congress and special groups are being formed of clergy and laymen in every section of the United States.

When Rt. Rev. Joseph F. Rummel, D.D., Bishop of Omaha, invited the National Congress to hold its national session in Omaha, the central location of Omaha and its accessibility were important factors in selecting it as the place for the Sixth Congress. Then, too, the glamour of the Old West still lingers in Omaha, a city that seventy-five years ago was only grassy prairies and today has grown to full strength and vigor as a key city of the great Mid-west. The Catholic Church has been a considerable factor in Omaha's rise to metropolitan

domination in its section. The early bishops were men of influence and leadership. And the Catholic laity of Omaha from the earliest foundation of the city, have always contributed a number of leading citizens.

Pre-eminent among pioneers of Omaha, Catholic or non-Catholic, were the Creighton brothers, Edward and John, whose sterling Catholicity and benevolence have left their mark on mankind in a dozen Catholic testimonials, including a great Catholic university and the largest hospital between Chicago and the west coast.

It is a significant fact that although John and Edward Creighton failed to live to see their dream of a great mid-western Catholic university fully realized, the wisdom and foresight of this brotherly pair of Catholic pioneers will be signally recognized, even though they are no longer present; for the spacious gymnasium of Creighton university has been designated as the auditorium for sessions of the Priests' Eucharistic League during the Congress, while the large Creighton stadium will be the gathering point for probably fifty thousand Catholic clergy and laymen at a huge Holy Name rally on the second night of the Congress.

## Churches & their Clergymen

ACCORDING to the figures published in a recent book entitled, "The U. S. Looks at Its Churches," by Dr. C. Luther Fry, there are in this country 212 denominations having 232,000 churches with 44,380,000 members over thirteen years of age. Most of these denominations are small; 50 of them have fewer than 1,000 adult members each, and 48 have only from 1,000 to 5,000. More than half have, each, less than 7,000 adult members.

The largest religious body is the Catholic Church with 13,300,000 members thirteen years of age and over. This means that among all the adult church members in the United States three out of every ten are Catholics. Next to Catholics are the Southern Baptists with 3,300,000 adult members.

From the viewpoint of clerical education we have a bit of particularly interesting information. Three of every eight ministers of eighteen denominations have not been graduated from either college or seminary. Whereas, says Dr. Fry, Catholic priests generally report longer academic training than the ministers of seventeen white Protestant bodies. Instead of 41% in the class of non-graduates, as happens in the case of the Protestant group, only 6.6% of priests were so classified. And, again, 68% of priests are graduates of both college and seminary as compared with less than 34% of Protestant clergymen.

Dr. Fry further tells us that in cities four out of every five ministers of seventeen Protestant bodies are either college or seminary graduates. It is especially noteworthy, he remarks, that one-half of the rural ministers of eleven of the largest denominations were not graduated from either college or seminary.

On more than one occasion we have called attention to that fact that the strength of Protestantism in this country is found in the rural districts. It is in these districts where prejudice and bigotry against the Church are more widespread and virulent. May there not be a very close relationship between the lack of clerical education and anti-Catholic feeling in our rural districts?

# CATEGORICA:

*Edited by N. M. LAW*

## HISTORY OF FAMOUS HYMN

MILDRED BURROUGHS DAVIS, writing in *The Churchman*, gives the origin and full text of "Abide With Me." The Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, its author, was born June 1, 1793, at Ednam, near Kelso, Scotland.

Ever of delicate health, he became ill with consumption and was compelled to leave his parish. It was on September 4, 1847 when he was about to leave England for the south of France, that he was seized with an irresistible desire to preach to his people once more. Against the protest of his friends he accomplished his purpose. When he entered the pulpit for the last time he said,— "O brethren, I stand here among you today, as alive from the dead, if I may hope to impress it upon you, and induce you to prepare for the solemn hour which must come to all, by a timely acquaintance with the death of Christ." He closed his service . . . went to his room, and in a few hours had written his last and greatest hymn:

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;  
But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,  
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,  
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;  
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;  
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;  
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus 'bide with me.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;  
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:  
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Next day he sailed for Nice where he died in about two months time, November 20, 1847.

Your general officer, for all his gold lace and plumed hat, is as much an artisan as is a carpenter. He must have work, or he and his trade will perish.—*Donn Byrne*.

*On Things in General  
and Quite Largely a  
Matter of Quotation*

## MOTORISTS' PRAYER

THIS prayer for motorists, by Harry McCreary, is reprinted from *The Christian Register*:

Teach us to drive through life without skidding into other people's business. Preserve our brake lining, that we may stop before going too far. Help us to hear the knocks in our own motors and close our ears to the clashing of other people's gears. Keep alcohol in our radiators and out of our stomachs. Absolve us from the mania of trying to pass the other automobile on a narrow road. Open our eyes to the traffic signs, and keep our feet on the brakes.

## YOU CAN'T ALWAYS TELL

WHO would have thought of this possibility? From *The New York Evening Post*:

She was young. She was beautiful. She was unmarried. She carried a tube of shaving cream in her already overcrowded purse, we were able to note in the jammed subway. Her friend, too, noticed the cream. "Why the shaving cream—you don't need it, do you?" Back came the reply. "Sure do—I use it for hand soap at the office."

## DOCTRINE INSCRIBED ON STONE

THE following inscription, written on a stone at Skinner's Arms, Hexham, England, gives in a few lines the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist. From *The Universe* (London):

C.D. 1613 I.D.

Reason does wonder, but Faith he can tell,  
That a Maid was a Mother and God was a Man;  
Let Reason look down, and Faith see the Wonder,  
For Faith sees above, and Reason sees under.  
Reason does wonder what by Scripture is meant,  
Which saith that Christ's body is our Sacrament.  
That our bread is His body, and our drink is His blood,  
Which cannot by reason be well understood;  
For Faith sees above and Reason below,  
For Faith can see more than Reason doth know.

Recent enquiry elicits the fact that the stone is still in existence but that the inscription is now almost completely worn off. A good reason for recording it now, that its memory may not fade.

## HOW TO RECOGNIZE A BOOTLEGGER

SENATOR Smoot may know much about the tariff, but on another subject, R. H. L., Chicago *Tribune* columnist, gives him a few pointers:

Sen Smoot says he wouldn't know a bootlegger if he saw one. Oh, senator, you don't see them. Of course you can't know a man by sight if you never sight him. He calls you up on the telephone and says his name is Max. They're all named Max. And he says he's got a new lot just in from Canada. He doesn't say whether it's a lot of elephants, or paving bricks, or steam rollers, or kangaroos, or what? That's where the old common sense comes in. A man who says his name is Max and that he's got a new lot in from Canada—well, senator, that man is not talking to you about automobiles or canary birds. That man, senator, is a bootlegger. Now you know.

**HAIR RAISING STORY**

**T**HE United Press sends this dispatch from Excelsior Springs, Mo. Here is, literally, a hair-raising story.

Fred Skelton, farmer, believes in plenty of fresh air and sleeps with his head near an open window.

Last night lightning shot through the screen and struck his pillow, tore it to fragments and took off all of his hair.

After being unconscious for about an hour the farmer came to and said he felt "pretty good."

**NAMES WITH MUSIC IN THEM**

**W**HERE in all the world will you find such music and rhythm as in these Irish names:

Names with the musical lilt of a troll to them,  
Names with a rollicking swing and a roll to them,  
Names with a body and bones and a soul to them—  
Sure, they are poetry, darling asthore!  
Names with the smell of the spuds and the wheat to them,  
Names with the odor of dillisk and peat to them,  
Names with the tang of the turf hanging sweet to them,  
Where can ye beat them, the whole world o'er?  
Brannigan, Flanagan, Milligan, Gilligan,  
Duffy, McGuffy, Mullarkey, McKeon,  
Rafferty, Laferty, Connolly, Donnelly,  
Dooley, Gilhooley, Mullaney, Malone,  
Farragher, Carragher, Brallaghan, Callaghan,  
Lally, O'Malley, O'Houlihan, Flynn,  
Heneghan, Lenihan, Halligan, Galligan,  
Kelly, O'Skelly, McGinnis, McGinn.

**HER DAY OF REST**

**W**HY Mrs. Brown was so steady in attending church on Sunday is revealed by the London *Tit-Bits*:

The minister had observed that the most regular attendant at his church was a hardworking washerwoman, who, Sunday after Sunday, was always to be found in her pew. The minister felt that he must commend her. "Mrs. Brown," he said, "I notice you at church every Sunday. Do you enjoy the beautiful music?" "Na, it's no' that." "Perhaps—perhaps you enjoy my sermons?" "Na, it's no' that." "Well, what is it that brings you here every week?" "Well, it's like this. I work hard a' week, and it's no' often I get sic a comfortable sate wi' sae little tae think aboot."

**SMART BOY**

**A**ND Associated Press dispatch from Wichita, Kan., tells of how a motorist made amends to a smart boy.

As a motorist struck and killed ten-year-old John Graham's dog he noted a menacing shotgun in the boy's grasp and hastily proffered a \$5 bill.

"Sorry, son. Will that help any?" he inquired with a glance at the gleaming artillery.

"Yep," the boy said. "That makes \$7 and its all profit too. Shep had taken to chicken stealing, and dad gave me \$2 to shoot him."

**ONLY A PREACHING PREACHER**

**S**PESIALIZATION has invaded the pulpit, and preaching preachers are not always sure of a job. From *The New Yorker*:

Roaming interestedly through Harlem, a stroller eavesdropped on this conversation between two colored preachers: "Where you-all a-preaching now, brother?" "Nowhere,"

was the answer. "A fine preacher like you is, too" said the first. "That's just it," retorted the other. "I'm a preachin' preacher, and what that last congregation wanted was a prayin' preacher, and that ain't my line. Seems like they's too much specification nowadays."

**BORN OF THE DEVIL**

**W**HAT the Rev. Emmet McBride, brother of F. Scott McBride, General Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, thinks about the divine origin of the League, with editorial comment, from the New York *Telegram*:

The Rev. Emmett McBride, brother of F. Scott McBride, general and legislative superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League and intermediary of God Almighty, may be, as F. Scott says, at times irresponsible as the result of a "severe nervous breakdown some twenty years ago," but Emmett certainly spoke with the voice of wisdom when he said on Saturday of his brother's organization:

"The vital statistics of the Anti-Saloon League are incomplete. No one knows but that the League was born of the devil rather than God. While some doctors of divinity made out a professional birth certificate, the word of the nurse that it was a mongrel child would be more reliable.

"While there is a shadow of doubt as to where it was born, it is more important as to where it was conceived. It was not in liberty, it was disowned by inalienable rights; it was abandoned by justice. Its wicked parents imposed it upon the doorsteps of the Church. As the child grew in stature, it lost wisdom and grew in disfavor with God and man. . . .

In irresponsible? Why, the man speaks as one inspired!

What we need in this country are about 400,000 more preachers with the Rev. Emmett McBride's keen and accurate perception concerning public affairs.

**THE GEOMETRIC BISHOP**

**T**HIS little satire is found in a recent book, "Pink Furniture" by A. E. Coppard.

We had a crooked bishop once,

With geometric views;

His texts were perpendicular,

His sermons quite obtuse;

And though the hymns were High Church,

The blessed tunes were Low;

So we had to sing them sideways

In acute fortissimo.

**NOVEL CURE FOR PARALYTICS**

**T**HE Civic Hospital of Guayaquil, Ecuador, has adopted a cure for supposed paralytics which may be worse than the disease. From *The Sun* (New York):

Not much sympathy is wasted on the paralytic patient who enters the Civil Hospital of Guayaquil, Ecuador. Very soon after registering for treatment he may jump out of the window and run home. For the treatment of paralysis in this hospital is of the kind that might justly be called worse than the malady itself. A large boa constrictor is let loose in the ward, and patients who have some form of imaginary paralysis never fail to forget all about it in their anxiety to quit the neighborhood of the snake.

It is reported that a majority of the paralytic patients in this Ecuadorian hospital are either malingerers or persons who suffer delusions, so that for these the snake cure is both quick and effective. The genuine cases are soon reassured that the boa is harmless. Nothing is said, however, of the risk taken by the patients who go in for treatment of imaginary paralysis; the sight of the snake may give them a stroke of the real thing.

## AT LAST

**A** CHICAGO special to *The New York Times* records a very belated honeymoon:

A bride's honeymoon suitcase, packed but unused for forty years because the bridegroom could not find time to go, will be put immediately to the use for which it was originally intended on order of the court.

Before Judge Joseph Sabath, Mr. and Mrs. William Enseln, 68 and 65 years old, appeared today to argue their differences over temporary alimony.

"I had my suitcase packed and it is still packed, but Pa wouldn't go," Mrs. Enseln told Judge Sabath. "He said he didn't have time to go."

The embarrassed Mr. Enseln admitted the truth of his wife's statements. Judge Sabath ordered them to take a four weeks honeymoon at Hot Springs, Ark., beginning tomorrow.

## FOUR MARKS OF A FINE MIND

**G**LEN FRANK, President of the University of Wisconsin, points out four marks of a fine mind.

First, *humility*. A first-class mind is never cocksure; it is always willing to admit that it may be wrong; it is never afraid to say that it does not know; it does not specialize in closed questions; all questions are open questions to it; it is always ready, in the presence of new knowledge or fresh challenges, to question the soundness of its earlier observations and the sanity of its earlier conclusions.

Second, *curiosity*. A first-class mind is never satisfied with surface observations; when in its humility, it has admitted that there is a question to be considered, it turns a restless and ruthless curiosity on the question; it is never satisfied with a sweeping judgment; it ferrets out every detail and tries to see just what bearing each detail has on the whole question.

Third, *courage*. A first-class mind is marked by a subtle blending of courage and imagination, the result of which is that it takes the results of its analysis of a problem it has worked over and puts these results into various new combinations in an effort to find some new and better theory for action; it is never afraid to set up a tentative new theory of action; it is willing to follow a new idea, if it is sound, even if it upsets former notions and former ways of doing things.

Fourth, *responsibility*. A first-class mind has a sense of responsibility in handling new theories; it puts them through all sorts of tests to prove both their logical soundness and their practical utility.

The practical fruits of the intellectual virtues are obvious: Humility makes for openmindedness. Curiosity makes for careful analysis. Courage makes for creativeness in blazing new trails. Responsibility makes for reliability in action.

## TWO MEN: TWO TREES

**R**EV. DR. FULTON SHEEN offers this unusual contrast in his novel sermon of Good Friday:

There are, after all, only two possible theories concerning the nature, origin and dignity of man and one is that life is a push from below and the other is a gift from above. In the first instance man is not supposed to act like a beast because he came from one; in the second he is supposed to act like God because made to His own image and likeness. The source of our dignity is not to be sought by looking for the man in a tree, but rather by looking for the Man on the tree. The man in the tree is the beast swinging from his tail in the selfish joy of his bestiality. The Man

on the tree is Christ Jesus in the ecstatic beauty of His redemptive Humanity. The man in the tree is the beastman. The Man on the tree is the God-man. The man in the tree looks forward to a progeny of the children of animals and the Man on the tree looks forward to a progeny of the children of God. The man in the tree looks back to the earth whence he sprang. The Man on the tree looks upwards to the heavens whence he descended. To the man in the tree all the other trees of the forest bear only the burden of leaves. To the Man on the tree, all the other trees of the forest bear the burden of penitent thieves. When the man in the tree dies, not even the leaves chant a requiem. When the Man on the tree dies, even the earth yawns and gives up its dead,—aye, more, even men grieve, as we do today at the thought of one who dies on the Cross, found guilty on the charge of an excess of love.

## WHERE DO THEY COME FROM?

**H**ow many know the Scriptural origin of these common phrases? From *The Mentor*:

Of the making of many books there is no end. (*Ecclesiastes* xii, 12.)

Filthy lucre. (*I Timothy* iii, 3.)

Unstable as water. (*Genesis* xliv, 4.)

Apple of my eye. (*Deuteronomy* xxxii, 10.)

Labor of Love. (*I Thessalonians* i, 3.)

A man after his own heart. (*I Samuel* xiii, 14.)

At their wits' end. (*Psalm* cvii, 27.)

At the parting of the ways. (*Ezekiel* xxi, 21.)

Prisoners of hope. (*Zechariah* ix, 12.)

Nothing new under the sun. (*Ecclesiastes* i, 9.)

Eat, drink and be merry. (*Ecclesiastes* viii, 15.)

So he that runs may read. (*Habakkuk* ii, 2.)

Under his vine and fig-tree. (*Micah* iv, 4.)

A living dog is better than a dead lion. (*Ecclesiastes* ix, 4.)

A good old age. (*Genesis* xv, 15.)

Can a leopard change his spots? (*Jeremiah* xiii, 23.)

Put not your trust in princes. (*Psalm* cxlvii, 3.)

The wings of the morning. (*Psalm* cxxxix, 9.)

A stranger in a strange land. (*Exodus* ii, 22.)

Darkness that can be felt. (*Exodus* x, 21.)

A still, small voice. (*I Kings* xix, 12.)

I am escaped with the skin of my teeth. (*Job* xix, 20.)

Rule with a rod of iron. (*Revelation* ii, 27.)

There is no discharge in the war. (*Ecclesiastes* viii, 8.)

Whited sepulchers. (*Matthew* xxvii, 27.)

My name is Legion. (*Mark* v, 9.)

Clothed and in his right mind. (*Luke* viii, 35.)

All things to all men. (*I Corinthians* ix, 22.)

In the twinkling of an eye. (*I Corinthians* xv, 52.)

The sleep of the laboring man is sweet. (*Ecclesiastes* v, 12.)

Beat their swords into ploughshares. (*Isaiah* ii, 4.)

To the pure all things are pure. (*Titus* i, 15.)

Charity covers a multitude of sins. (*I Peter* iv, 8.)

Observe the opportunity. (*Ecclesiasticus* iv, 20.)

No respecter of persons. (*Romans* ii, 11.)

The salt of the earth. (*Matthew* v, 13.)

Make light of it. (*Matthew* xxii, 5.)

A good man and a just one. (*Luke* xxiii, 50.)

There's no truth in him. (*John* viii, 44.)

Signs of the times. (*Matthew* xvi, 3.)

Lewd fellows of the baser sort. (*Acts* xvii, 5.)

Great men are not always wise. (*Job* xxxii, 9.)

A committee of five usually consists of the man who does the work, three others to pat him on the back, and one to bring in a minority report.—*Fort Worth Record-Telegram*.



# Bridey McNulty Finds Tomorrow

By ENID DINNIS

Illustrations by Florence Harrison



MISS BRIDEY McNULTY threw another log onto her sitting-room fire. She told herself—cheery old lady that she was—that there was a bitter northeast wind out of doors and she had no need to face it; also, that tea and toast were in the near future.

If tea-and-toast was one of the outstanding incidents of her present day, she still possessed a past that yielded a gold mine of entertaining memories. It was Miss McNulty's habit to preach this sturdy philosophy to herself. Her past had been a long series of triumphs over the hearts of playgoers and green-room friends who had witnessed her successes as a variety artist with an unmatched gift of mimicry.

Now, in her old age, she had entered upon a lonely stage in life. She had managed to save quite a comfortable sum, but it was penury compared with the past. Her salaries had been huge, but Bridey McNulty had a large heart and so many in her profession were down on their luck, and that rather than unconscionable extravagance had left her with comparatively narrow means. She had been compelled at last to let her flat in London and retire for a while to the cottage in a suburb of a provincial town placed at her disposal by one of her few remaining friends.

The doctor said she must be quiet and breathe fresh air unless she wished to die, and Bridey McNulty had no wish to die. In her philosophy life ended with the long, last sleep, and even in her present surroundings she found life worth living. It was deadly dull—there was no getting away from that. Good enough for an ordinary old lady verging on eighty, but Bridey was only that chronologically reckoning, and youth is not a thing necessarily subject to the flight of years.

She had made up her mind when

she came to this one-eyed country place, which had never heard of her at any period of its or her existence, that she would live quite comfortably in the past. What right had anyone to grumble, with memories like hers? They even made up for the absence of a tomorrow. But at times her philosophy wore just a little thin. The past is something like the feast which we sit down to in a dream; it has no tangible effects on the seat of our hunger. It is apt, too, to throw a shadow rather than a light on the present.

Bridey McNulty threw on another log. Her thoughts were getting out of hand. They were wandering back to the earlier days, which were indeed like a dream. In those days she had been a totally different Bridey McNulty. The middle child of a big family, over in Ireland, which had gone to Mass on Sundays and learnt its catechism at school. There seemed to be no connection between the two Brideys.

Her mother—the valiant mother who had marched the family three miles to Mass—had died and her father had married again. Bridey had been sent to London to seek her living in service and had found a fortune on the stage. She had discovered her gift, as a songstress and "impersonator," had found a patron, and developed into the famous Bridey McNulty of the variety stage.

The former Bridey had just faded away. London was such a different place from Ballyhaven. What bound under pain of sin in the latter surely did not apply to the busy metropolis? She had not been able to get to Mass when she was in service. She had met with antagonism there. Later, when she mixed with the profession, it was not antagonism, but the artistic people in whose set she found herself spoke of the Irish belief in fairies and of the Irishman's

religion in the same breath. Both were charming, but neither were true. It was a pretty pose to speak of the fairies as though they existed, and the same with religion. No one objected when she went on wearing her miraculous medal "for luck."

At the height of her career Bridey had married an honest man called Johnson, of the intellectual agnostic type, and enjoyed, or perhaps endured, a period of married life which had become but an episode in her past. Her husband had died, and she had resumed her profession, dropping the new name. No one had called her by it until she came here, to this conventional suburb of a Cathedral town. Here you became Mrs. Somebody if you wore a wedding ring, and Bridey had stuck to her wedding ring. No one in this part of the world had ever heard of the famous Bridey McNulty.

SHE corrected herself, as her mind travelled over the past. She had come once, in the zenith of her glory, with a touring party—and they had stopped at Middleminster, and she had sung at—a parish hall entertainment! Of course that had been Middleminster! She recalled it quite well. The chambermaid at the hotel had told her that they were in a great way at the Catholic church because a lady who was to have sung at their concert that night was unable to come. Bridey had volunteered to take her place, in strict incognito, on account of her contract with her manager.

She had gone there and sung an Irish song which she had heard her mother sing. She had kept carefully off her own line, but as she sang she had realized that it might have been her mother singing the lullaby, an ancient, tender hymn to the Blessed Virgin. She had put all her art into that small turn. Yes, of

course, it was Middleminster. She had gone on to her turn at the Theatre Royal, after bringing down the house presided over by the quaint Irish priest.

Her thought had come back to the good old days. The days of the fat post-bag, the ingenuous letters from youthful adorers; the bouquets. And now there seemed no one left who remembered Bridey McNulty. All her admirers had forgotten her or fallen into that last long sleep which she had been taught was the poetically fitting end to a full life.

**B**RIDEY got up and turned on the light. Theoretically she ought to face the idea of that long sleep which must so soon be hers, but, alack! she had kept her heart so youthful that there was no getting away from the feeling that it was *not* bedtime. Bedtime only came to the discontented and disappointed, to those whose hearts as well as their bodies were worn out. The doctor had told her that her heart was "worn out," and she had smiled. Love, a genial love for her fellows, had kept her heart young. And Love was not ready to be put to bed. He was crying out in protest against a hard-faced nurse called Philosophy, who did not even promise a tomorrow.

A neatly garbed maid in black, with skirts not too abbreviated, who had been lent along with the cottage, brought in the tea. Bridey stood in a certain awe of this personage—royalty had never disconcerted her, but Dobson was super-royal, she knew what was done and what was not done in Middleminster and Mrs. Johnson (what a name it was!) did not. Bridey McNulty would at times survey Mrs. Johnson in the looking-glass with something of the awe that she felt for Dobson and her neighbors, and she would feel more among strangers than ever.

"I have brought an extra cup, Madam," Dobson said, as she set the tea-tray down. "I wasn't sure that you remembered that Dr. Smith spoke of calling this afternoon."

"Pon my word, I had quite forgotten!" Bridey cried. "I'm not feeling unwell, Dobson, I am a fraud—but my memory! Fancy forgetting a possible visitor!"

Dobson smiled. Visitors were certainly not numerous. The Misses Jenkins from "Pax" had found Mrs. Johnson "rather flippant." The young Robinsons from "Sans Souci," on the other hand, thought her rather an old sport, but Bridey McNulty was

long before their day; they listened to her stories with condescension—and they never brought her flowers.

Dr. Smith had seemed more promising. True, he was only middle-aged, but he had heard his father speak of Bridey McNulty. There was less of Mrs. Johnson about the place when Dr. Smith was the visitor. That was why Bridey encouraged him professionally.

He had looked grave over his patient's account of her symptoms. The young heart was an aged apparatus. Bridey ought by rights to have had the dustman in her eyes and been ready to be carried off to bed, but instead of that, there she was, listening to the ridiculous Nanny who was saying: "It's eight o'clock, Miss Bridey." Bedtime was an artificial institution invented by vindictive grown-ups!

Dr. Smith turned up, and gladly made use of the extra cup.

"By the way, Mrs. Johnson," he said, as he lifted the toast from the fender, "I've alighted on an old admirer of yours who knew you years ago. Heard you sing in the 'eighties. That would be about your best form I suppose?"

The effect of his words on the rather drooping old lady was magical.

"You don't mean it! I thought they were all under the sod."

"This one isn't. He's still going strong. He's proprietor of a garage in Middleminster—an ex-cabby. One of your gallery friends, I imagine. He nearly jumped out of his skin when I chanced to mention coming across you."

"I like gallery friends," she said. "I always played to the gallery. A taste of the real cockney accent would send me standing on my head."

"Heaven forbid!" Dr. Smith said, piously. "As your medical man I could not allow that. Mr. Walsh isn't a cockney, he's what his name implies, a countryman of yours."

"Never mind, if he's an old friend. I'd love to make his acquaintance."

"Splendid!" was the delighted rejoinder. "That is exactly what he was speering about after—whether you would think it a great liberty if he did call on you? He wants to ask you something, I fancy."

"Send him along!" Miss McNulty cried. "Tell him I'll be delighted."

So it came about that on the following day Miss Bridey McNulty sat waiting for another visitor. Mr. Timothy Walsh from the Red Lion Garage, to wit.

Bridey arranged her white hairs

before the looking-glass with a defiant protrusion of the tip of her tongue at Mrs. Johnson. She was so very young still, was Bridey. You can't go on giving something to every beggar you pass without keeping young. Would Mr. Walsh suffer a great shock when he saw this shrivelled little old lady? They had always said she had a way with her—the devout commentators on her personality—the way might still be there if it did not depend too much on tangible charm. She had not realized her hunger for a taste of the old days until now. It was less vanity than home-sickness. She was so lonely! It was only an old cabby, but he had known Bridey McNulty.

She watched him walk up the path, when he arrived, an elderly man with the firm jaw and clear blue eyes of an Irishman. In the eyes there was a peculiar look of youthfulness—old Mr. Walsh was apparently as young as herself. In his hand he carried a bouquet of flowers, done up in paper with a frilled edge. God bless him!

In a few moments Mr. Walsh was standing in the little drawing-room, ushered in by Dobson. He stood there, the elderly young man, with all the shyness of youth in his bearing—the youth of the old, departed days. He slipped the flowers down on a handy occasional table, as though repenting of his presumption and hoping that they might be overlooked.

But they were not overlooked. They were just the flowers that Miss McNulty loved best—snowdrops and lilies of the valley. She told him so, burying her nose in them and setting the donor completely at his ease. Mr. Timothy Walsh sat himself down on a high chair and peeped at the frail, vivacious little old lady opposite to him.

"**A**ND where was it that you heard me sing?" Bridey asked, going straight back to old times.

"I would like to tell you all about it," Timothy Walsh replied. "It was about forty-five years ago. I was a young man, come over from Ireland. I had left my wife there. She was a good woman but hard to live with, and I had a thought (God forgive me!) of going on to the States and just sending her the money for her keep; I'm certain sure that I'd have done it—I had made all the arrangements, as a matter of fact, when one night they had a concert at the church hall, and the lady that was to have sung to us couldn't come, and someone else sang in her

place. I was there, at the concert and I heard her sing, and sure I thought it was the Blessed Virgin herself, only that she was singing to the Blessed Mother. A lullaby, it was, and somehow it got hold of my heart and twisted it round, as it were, and I thought of my wife and the little children that might have been. It was just as though Our Blessed Lady was telling me to go back. It might have been her herself, only it was yourself entirely Miss McNulty—I ask your pardon—Mrs. Johnson. You'll not perhaps be remembering it, it was forty-five years ago?"

"I remember it quite well," Bridey said. She had become a very silent, frail-looking old lady—older

God gave me a large family of boys and girls that never would have been in this world but for the sweet singing of yourself. There's two of them nuns, and one of the boys is a priest in Co. Mayo. His mother lived to see him ordained, God rest her soul."

**H**E PAUSED, and then surveyed the woman sitting in the arm-chair with reverent eyes. Bridey McNulty was receiving homage once again. She smiled a curious little smile.

"My mother used to sing that song," she said. "It was my mother that you heard singing. I only reproduced her. I am clever at—that

hind too," Bridey said. "I live in my memories; and as long as they are memories they never disappoint." Just a trace of hardness had come into her voice.

"I knew that you'd be Irish from your name," the visitor went on, "and that's why I have taken the liberty of calling, Miss, I should say, Ma'am. I was thinking that you must find it difficult to get to Mass on Sundays. It's four miles to Middleminster, and I was going to say that I would be proud if you would let me bring a car over and fetch you to church on Sunday mornings. They are my own cars in the garage. My children prayed me into prosperity, Lord love them, when I came back here after my wife died."



"I remember it quite well," Bridey said. She had become a very silent, frail-looking old lady.

than he had at first realized.

"They told me afterwards that it was a Miss Bridey McNulty," he went on, "from London. Some of them seemed to have heard of her but I never had. For me it was just the blessed Mother, and she had been telling me to go home to my wife, in that sweet tongue of the west. And I went home, and I lived with my wife and we managed to be happy, especially when the children came.

kind of thing. I thought the song might give pleasure. I remember the occasion quite well. The old lullaby reminded me of my mother, she used to sing it to get us to sleep."

"Ah," he said, gently. "You will soon be seeing her again. It's the best of being—getting on in years—those that are gone are in front of us, not behind, as they seem to be at first."

"It is pleasant to have them be-

He waited for her reply anxiously. An eager-eyed cavalier. But Bridey McNulty sat there silent, turning the bouquet of lilies and snow-drops round and round in her hand. It was about half-a-century or so since she had been at Mass.

Should she tell the man opposite this? How could she? His admiration would fade away into horror, and she would be lonely again. More Mrs. Johnson than ever. After all,

his admiration was rightly hers. It was a tribute to her art. Bridey was not a cynic, had she been her heart would have worn out years before. She simply reasoned thus because she was clinging desperately to this relic of the past. He had known Bridey McNulty, right enough.

"You are very kind," she murmured. "I have not been to Mass since . . . I came here."

"Then you will allow me to fetch you on Sunday morning," was the prompt uptake. The 10 o'clock Mass, I suppose?"

"Yes, the 10 o'clock." What was she letting herself in for!

"'Tis at the 10 o'clock Mass that my son, the Rev. Patrick Walsh from Co. Mayo, will be preaching. He's over here for a holiday, and it's all your doing, Miss, that he's in the world at all. Sure, it will be a jewel in your heavenly crown that he's a priest. And to think that I should have had the joy of meeting you and tell you so! It's as long as you're here that I'll do myself the pleasure of fetching you in the car to Mass."

Bridey thanked him—this elderly youth, or youthful elderly man.

"It seems like yesterday," he observed, "that I saw you, singing that song. 'Twas a prayer, surely."

"You would not have known me again," she said, interrupting and challenging him. He regarded her searchingly, and hesitated.

"Go along with you!" she said, "it is half a century ago."

"That would not matter," he said. His gaze was still a little searching, but full of gentle reverence. Should she add Timothy Walsh, the ex-cabby, to her list of triumphs?

**W**HEN he had gone Bridey sat by the fire and thought. Of course she need not go to Mass on Sunday; she could send word that she was not well enough. But, then, she would have to keep making the excuse, or else be—more explicit. She shrank from being more explicit. He had called her "Miss McNulty" with soul-soothing incorrigibility. No, she would go to Mass. Why not? It would be an experience to see what it felt like; and Mrs. Johnson had never been to Mass!

Timothy Walsh had revived the old, forgotten past instead of the past which she was accustomed to conjure up. Her mother—such a dim memory. Poor Mother! Bedtime had come for her comparatively early in life. If she had lived, and had possessed the leisure to look

back there would only have been memories of grim toil, unceasing drudgery. Sending the children to school, taking them to Mass on Sunday. But her mother had loved Mass; and she had been happy when she sang the lullaby to the baby of the moment; and her bed-time was not a long, unending sleep. It was new life. She had had no need for a past except to count the hardships and trials like nuggets of gold.

Bridey McNulty sat over her fire and thought. She was feeling tired. Perhaps after all she was not so young as she was?

By the time Sunday arrived Bridey was feeling quite poorly enough to have justified putting off her cavalier. But she had developed a real desire to go and see what it felt like to be at Mass after fifty years. Mr. Walsh arrived to the moment with a fine saloon car, equipped with foot-warmer and fur rug. He arranged the latter carefully round the fragile figure. There was reverence in his touch. It was Bridey McNulty, not Mrs. Johnson, who was going to Mass. Dobson had stiffened into a terrible rigidity when the Catholic church was mentioned, and that gave a pleasant air of non-propriety to the proceeding.

Bridey watched her chauffeur's face. He made no attempt at disturbing the thoughts of the lady behind him on her way to Mass. Bridey realized that it was another Bridey McNulty, her mother, who had evoked the luxury car and its equipment, to whom homage had been paid. That mother, who had been such a dim memory, seemed to have come close up to her. She looked at the little medal which she wore for luck. Did "luck" mean something?

They soon reached the Catholic church. It was a mean little place and reminded her of the chapel to which they had been taken as children, over in Ireland. There was something almost uncannily yesterdayish about the board with the soiled black-edged obituary cards hanging up in the narrow vestibule.

And it all seemed so real. The intervening years were the dream—the years of her many triumphs.

**B**RIDEY knelt in the shy corner she had selected and looked backward, over the years. The man who remembered Bridey McNulty was kneeling at the altar serving Mass. She had given pleasure that night. It was not the only time when she had given pleasure for love.

There were some things in the past which were real. She had shared her good fortune with others. The past was not entirely a dream.

The preacher had entered the pulpit. It would be Father Patrick Walsh, who "would never have been in the world but for her sweet singing." But it had been her mother, not she. Her mother who was "in front," not behind her. The sleep of the R. I. P. on the dingy cards with the curled up edges was a sleep of light and refreshment. Light!

**T**HE preacher gave out his text, from Wisdom: "For God made not death, neither hath He pleasure in the destruction of the living."

It was a very homely discourse on Heaven and future happiness. Bridey, in her shy corner, was only partly listening. She had raised a vision of a stern-faced Nannie announcing bed-time and receiving a rebuke for her egregious proposition. "God made not death." Bridey's soul stretched out its hands to the light. She had made death for herself. But God would forgive her for He took no pleasure in the destruction of the living.

The preacher stammered out his concluding sentence. It had been an ordeal preaching in an English town for the first time and he had no gift as a preacher. He had prayed half the night that it might be all right, but he had been by no means at his best, poor as that was. But he had found a grand text.

The car was waiting for Bridey when she came out of church, with Mr. Walsh in humble attendance—humble as any chauffeur for all that he was not only owner of the car but father of the priest who had preached the sermon.

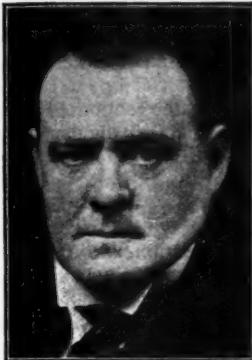
"It was a grand sermon, Mr. Walsh," Bridey said. "Please tell Father Walsh so, from Bridey McNulty."

"That I will," he said. "And excuse me saying it, but it's Miss Bridey McNulty that you're looking this minute. The forty-five years don't seem to have passed over ye at all."

Bridey met his boyish gaze.

"And I'll be calling for you next Sunday, Miss, at this same time?" Timothy Walsh said, as he helped her out of the car, later.

"If you will be so kind. And I was going to ask you another favor, Mr. Walsh. I see that they hear confessions on Wednesdays. I would be most grateful if you would call for me on Wednesday afternoon."



# The OLD Church in a NEW Conflict

Being the FIRST of TWELVE Articles Answering  
the Question, *Can an Intelligent Man be an honestly  
Convinced Catholic in the Twentieth Century?*

By HILAIRE BELLOC

**A** WIDE and deep gulf of a new kind has opened between Catholics and those outside their body. That gulf is increasing. There you have the one main fact which must be most clear to anyone who looks at Society today. To anyone aware of the strength and volume of Catholicism such a new kind of cleavage is more than the one main fact: it is the dominating fact of our time.

The separation between the two camps is sharper where men have no traditional connection with Catholicism in the past; it is gravest of all in nations in whose origins Catholicism was unknown. But it is present everywhere. Even in countries where the people were wholly Catholic in the past and even in countries where the majority of them are Catholic today, that arrangement into two worlds, Catholic and Anti-Catholic, is apparent.

There is everywhere this complete separation between the Catholic attitude towards life and the other attitude; and it is a separation of quite a different and much more radical sort than the old distinction between Catholic and Protestant, clerical and anti-clerical. It has begun to affect all life.

## A Complete Divorce

IN OUR grandfathers' time there was strong antagonism between Catholicism and its opponents; but it was an antagonism concerned at certain points in Christian belief only: at the worst, when there was a general denial of that doctrine, its fruits still remained. There remained a considerable common

ground. In spite of this common ground, hostility was violent but there was a measure of understanding and a common code of morals in the main.

Now it is—for most men—a complete divorce between the one side and the other. There is a new mode of life arising on the one side and the steadfast remaining block of the Church upon the other.

The cause of this change may be

think thus, the Catholic Church appears irrational and blind; it seems to contradict plain truths, which everyone today not only does in fact admit but must admit, and to reject the course of right living.

This attitude of mind towards Catholicism which has now taken so wide and firm a hold appears in any number of current phrases, many of them vague or ill-thought out, but all of them evidently proceeding from the same root.

## New Catchwords

THUS it is taken for granted that the educated Catholic cannot be sincere: that only ignorance can excuse a whole-hearted adherence to the Catholic scheme and discipline. Such adherence is sometimes apologized for as an example of mere habit, more often it is denounced as a proof either of insufficient experience or of self-deception or of direct falsehood.

The same spirit appears in such expressions as: "The modern mind cannot accept these dogmas." Or, again, "It is no longer possible for Catholic dogma to stand critical examination." Or, "You cannot have 13th century ideas in the 20th century." Or, "The mediaeval mind cannot survive under modern surroundings"—and so on through a hundred others.

All of these phrases and their like clearly spring from something which is taken for granted by those who utter them. There is something taken as self-evident and this "something" is the supposed truth that the philosophy, the doctrines, the practice, the whole scheme of the Catholic Faith are in direct contradiction with things which have been made certain

## EDITOR'S NOTE

**T**HREE is a modern attitude of mind towards the Catholic Church which is widespread today. It is the conception that Catholicism is in some way at issue with ascertained facts in Science and History, and especially with recently ascertained facts. Catholicism is at the same time regarded as opposed to the modern scientific habit of thought in general, and therefore to be irrational and opposed to admitted truth.

In a series of twelve articles, of which this is the first, Hilaire Belloc will answer this objection with all the straight thinking and trenchant language which characterize his writing. The careful reading of these papers will well repay the reader's time and attention.

Mr. Belloc is an historian of distinction, an outstanding man of letters; we prefer to think of him, however, as preeminently a professed Defender and Champion of the Faith.

put simply enough. An idea has arisen that newly ascertained facts in science and history and a whole new method of thought called "scientific," based upon such facts, has been proved by experience and by its results to be the only method worthy of reasoning people: a method indeed which has finally convinced everyone worth considering and which has immediately and vastly increased well-being. In the view of those who

in recent times; discoveries upon the past and the nature of man and of physical laws.

Now all that presupposition, all that first principle, from which the modern conflict with Catholicism derives, is an error. It is an error proceeding from an ignorance of what the Catholic Church is; an ignorance of the reasons which men have for holding to it and accepting its authority; an ignorance of what the Church actually teaches, and of how and why certain consequences follow from that teaching.

There is indeed a very real conflict between that which is outside the Catholic Church in the modern world and that which is inside, but this conflict is not one between reason and unreason, or between proved facts and the refusal to accept proof, or between past and present. It is a conflict between two philosophies, two moods, two ways of looking at the world.

That conflict, I say, is very real, very grave, concerns us all, and must be dealt with as a matter of the highest social and political importance. But we cannot deal with it at all until we know it for what it is, and cease to mistake it for something else.

Those who attribute the friction between Catholicism and Anti-Catholicism today to causes other than the real ones neither strengthen their own position nor even advance towards that advantage for society which they desire; and the first thing they have to do in this tremendous argument, is, as in all high debate, to make clear what the issue is.

#### The Real Issue

THE issue is not—and if you think of it soberly it never of its nature has been—a simple issue between the obviously true and the obviously false. It is not and it cannot have been an issue which could be settled by a mere examination of things known by experiment and fully ascertained.

It is of quite another and much more profound sort. Two spirits are opposed; and the modern era will have, as all its predecessors had, to consider by which spirit it will finally be guided.

It will be my object in these pages to show that the problem is of the kind I have just set down.

I shall not attempt to whittle down the gravity of the problem, still less to pretend that when it is appreciated it is solved.

I shall not deny that the conflict exists, for I regard it (as must any man who has fully considered it) not only as active but as by far the most important quarrel of our day.

But I shall labor to make as clear as possible what the true issue is and to get rid of those illusions and misunderstandings which prevent all useful examination.

#### Outline of Articles

WITH this object I propose to put the matter before my readers in the following order:

First I shall lay before them *what the Catholic Church is*. This must come at the beginning of such an examination, because that idea which I have just described as being so widely taken for granted—the idea that the Catholic Church contradicts truths ascertained in modern times—is the root-error vitiating the whole business. One cannot approach the task of expelling that error till one has first substituted the true picture of the thing attacked for the false picture.

It does not in the least follow that the true picture will be admired or loved. It does not follow that the Church as it really is will be accepted or its authority admitted. Far from it. It may be the more hated for being the better known. But no process of examination worthy of human reason can so much as be started until we have our terms set and clear. We must see plainly at the outset the nature, spirit and philosophy of the Church.

Having done this I shall go on to the more difficult task of saying why the claims of the Church are accepted by those who do accept them. I shall endeavor to make plain the fundamental point that the acceptance of the Divine authority of the Church is, to those who accept it, *rational*. When once the reasons advanced for accepted Catholic authority are clear, one can go forward (but not before) to an examination of whether they are worthy of acceptance.

This done, I shall go on to a number of particular, critical and essential points in the supposed conflict between Catholic doctrine and facts scientifically ascertained in modern times.

These points are of two kinds: Those concerned with *physical science* and those concerned with *historical science*.

Among the first we find such leading matters as the *Fall of Man*

and the supposed conflict of that doctrine with *Geology*; the *Real Presence* and the supposed conflict of that doctrine with modern discoveries on the *Constitution of Matter*; the *Immortality of the Soul* and its supposed conflict with modern research in *Biology* and *Psychology*; the Catholic *Sacramental System and Ritual* and the supposed conflict between their divine character and the discoveries of modern *Anthropology*.

There are of course any number of other such points; I shall only take these as typical.

In the historical or documentary field I shall take the supposed conflict between the *Early Documents* vouched for by the Catholic Church as inspired, and *Modern Research*; the supposed conflict between the same research and the *Development of the Papacy*; the position of *Legend and Myth*; the character of *Miracle*.

In all this it will be my particular object to distinguish between ascertained *Fact* and *Hypothesis*, and still more to distinguish between *ascertained facts* and a *false philosophy* built upon those facts.

For instance, I shall point out that the innumerable new examples of natural physical sequence in cause and effect are no proof of that sequence being inevitable or incapable of exception. It is a truth as old as the world, but it badly wants repeating today when so many men imagine that new examples of natural law in some way increase what has always been the obvious validity of natural law.

#### Politics: Doctrine and Habits

I SHALL then review the supposed conflicts between Catholic *Political Doctrine* and *Modern Political Habits*. I shall show that there is a *real* conflict between Catholic doctrine and those political habits which make terrestrial good supreme. I shall show that there is also a real conflict not only between the Catholic doctrine, but between common sense itself, and the idea that any *particular* form of government is necessarily and always the *best*.

But I hope to make clear the essential of the whole business, which is the Catholic attitude towards the nature of political authority and the nonsense of supposing that Catholicism is opposed to any form of Government. There are moderns who think the Church opposed to their present form of Government (often called "democratic") just as

there were men not so long ago who blamed the Church for being opposed to absolute monarchy. There are—for that matter—excellent writers today who blame the Church for being opposed to Aristocracy.

I shall try to show that all these are wrong. The Church is opposed in politics to two ideas only: to the denial of political authority, and to the denial that such authority is Divine in its ultimate origin and not human. It is opposed to anarchy and it is opposed to the idea that authority proceeds from man alone.

After thus considering the real and supposed conflict between the Catholic Church and modern science and politics I shall turn to the underlying conflict upon which the whole business turns, the *conflict in philosophy*: the difference between the Catholic view of human life and its meaning and of the whole character of the universe, and the view of life taken by those outside the Catholic scheme.

I shall consider the popular modern alternatives to Catholic general philosophy and then turn to the practical or applied philosophies which are our everyday concern. I shall show how here there is indeed a very active conflict in society and law between the immediate results

of Catholicism and of any *philosophy opposed to Catholicism*. I shall trace this conflict in educational laws and marriage laws as examples.

#### Emphasizing the Conflict

**S**O FAR from denying that any conflict here exists I shall emphasize it with the object of making it clear that even those most violently opposed to such effects of Catholicism upon our daily life and upon the constitution of society are beating the air till they know both exactly what the Catholic Church aims at in these things and why she aims at it: for instance, that she insists on certain rights in education because she considers the whole of man and his immortal destiny.

Though it is a point of little logical value I shall next deal with what

may be called the "prosperity" or "enlightenment" argument: the argument that in the conflict between Catholicism and the modern world Catholicism is judged and found wanting because it produces less wealth, or armed strength, or what not, than does its opposite.

Confused in thought as that argument is, I must deal with it because it is still very common and has an odd fascination for the time in which we live. I shall point out the two errors in it—one an error of reasoning, the other an error of fact. In reason it is no argument against a truth to show that that truth makes you poor or uncomfortable or even weak.

But I shall also show (what I am afraid will be more convincing) that, in point of fact, Catholicism has no such defects as have been here imagined, and that it may, has and does accompany rapid advance in wealth and power as well as decline.

I shall conclude with a summary of the whole examination and with the demanded for a verdict as to which of the two moods, the Catholic or the mood opposed to the Catholic, is the preferable choice for the modern world, standing as that world most undoubtedly does stand today at the cross roads of its fate.

IN HIS next article, appearing in the September issue, Mr. Belloc will set forth two very clear-cut propositions. Those who agree with both propositions are Catholic. Those who disagree with either are not Catholic. Those who understand these propositions understand Catholicism, whether they love it or hate it or are indifferent to it.

## Bought With a Great Price

By FRANCIS SHEA, C.P.

**O**F ALL the virtues dear to the Heart of Jesus chastity holds the first place. It is safe to say that if a man read the Old Testament with any degree of intelligence and was informed that its pages foreshadowed Christ, he would immediately conclude that the Messiah would favor this virtue above all others.

In the Garden of Eden the knowledge and the shame of their nakedness came to the guilty pair even before God passed sentence upon them. Impurity was soon to become the strongest temptation against which fallen man was to contend and the principal cause of his falling away from God. The flood in the days of Noe came about because "all flesh had corrupted its way upon the earth." (*Gen. 6:12*) The destruction of Sodom and Go-

morrah was directly due to impurity.

Numerous prescriptions of the Old Laws were enacted chiefly for the purpose of teaching the necessity of bodily purity and thus lead on to that cleanliness of heart without which no one shall see God. Strong Samson, devout David, wise Solomon were brought low through the sin of impurity. Not one saint of those days volunteered to practice that complete chastity which Jesus invited His disciples to embrace. We cannot censure them for this, because so great is the beauty of the virtue that it was reserved for Jesus Himself to teach it.

He taught more by example than by word, so though the matter was quite beyond even the marvelous gift of expression that He possessed. He chose a Virgin for His Mother; on the chaste He bestowed that special

affection which among men is called friendship, but which, coming from Him, was the highest privilege.

There are five persons mentioned in the Gospels of whom it is expressly said that Jesus loved them. There was St. John, "the disciple whom Jesus loved" and who was inspired by the Holy Spirit to make this declaration five times in his Gospel. There was also the rich young man who had kept all the commandments from his youth. "And Jesus looking on him loved him." Again we read: "Jesus loved Martha and her sister Mary and Lazarus. Of the five, according to the more popular opinion, four were chaste or were inspired with a desire to become so.

It was the preëminently chaste who followed Him step by step through His Sacred Passion and stood close

to Him on the Cross. Among the mysteries contained in the opening of His Side, we may surely include this—His desire to offer the pure a retreat from a corrupt world and an example of a perfectly devoted love emptied of all self-seeking.

**W**ITH common accord the devout of all ages have turned to the Passion of Christ to be confirmed in the way of holy chastity. They fixed their attention especially on His scourging at the pillar. Looking on Him there, they see the terrible expiation He offered for sins of the flesh; they see bodily suffering in its most brutal form and they are urged by the example of Jesus to practise life-long, rigid, self-denial; to Jesus at the pillar they offer their petitions for the grace of purity.

If saints in solitary deserts and in secluded cloisters had need of this meditation to subdue the flesh it is far more necessary for us today. The body with its appetites is the chief obstacle to salvation apart from the countless incentives to sin which abound in the modern world—a world in which chastity is so little regarded that a so-called Christian sect has publicly approved the unnaturalness of birth-control.

Holy Scripture tells us in one brief sentence the simple fact that Jesus was scourged. "Pilate therefore took Jesus and scourged Him." It was not necessary to give the gruesome details. Even in those barbarous times the mere mention of the scourging was sufficient to fill men with horror.

And yet in omitting all description of the actual scene of our Lord's scourging, the Evangelists have deprived us of nothing. They have given an accurate account of the human elements that took part in it and have thus given us liberty to imagine the worst. Pilate did try to save Jesus from the death demanded by His enemies. Too cowardly to refuse their demands once and for all, he compromised by ordering Jesus to be scourged. He hoped that one look at Jesus after that awful torture would move the Jews to cease their clamors for His death.

On the other hand, the Jews, knowing Pilate's intention and fearful of losing their prey, would certainly urge on the soldiers to do their worst, even hoping that Jesus might die under the lash. It was to be a contest, so to speak, between pity and hate. The more cruelly Jesus was marked by the scourge, the more

likely He was to excite pity in the infuriated mob. In the event that Pilate should release Jesus, the Jews wanted the Victim to die from the effects of this savage torture.

Then, too, Roman soldiers were to carry out this sentence. In a hostile country like Judea where frequent rebellions occurred it is likely that only the most fearless of the Roman army would be stationed. Trained to show no mercy to an enemy they would be exceeding cruel to all Jews. They knew that Jesus was accused of forbidding tribute to be paid to Caesar, of seeking to stir up the people against Roman authority and of claiming to be a king. Here was an enemy of Caesar and they were delighted at the chance to make an example of Him for similar rebellious spirits. This was their temper as they led Jesus to be scourged.

These pitiless men had Jesus completely in their power. The Jewish law ordained that the culprit be beaten but only with a rod and in the presence of the Judges, who were to stop the proceeding before the number of strokes exceeded forty, "lest thy brother depart shamefully torn before thy eyes." But the Roman law contained no such humane requirements. Scourging was a punishment inflicted only on slaves who, in the eyes of the law, had no more rights than a brute animal.

Stripped of His clothes, Jesus presented a Body that was extremely sensitive to pain because it was so perfectly and delicately formed. The eye is more sensitive than the hand and, consequently, the pain of having a thorn thrust into the hand bears no comparison to the pain of a thorn in the eye. So it was with the Body of Christ. The pain He could feel bears no comparison to anything that we can experience of bodily suffering. Formed by God Himself in the virginal womb of His Blessed Mother, His Body was keenly sensitive to pain. Moreover, it was fashioned for the express purpose of suffering for our sins.

**T**HAT sacred Body is tied to a pillar and the soldiers prepare the scourges—horrible instruments of torture made of strips of leather tipped with sharp pieces of lead or bone. Over that blessed Body these scourges are raised. Wielded by brawny arms and directed by merciless hearts they fall on it, blow after blow. Red welts are raised on that Body, deep gashes are cut into it and, finally, those terrible scourges

are falling on raw, bleeding flesh; and still the whipping goes on and on as though those brutish men would strip the flesh from His bones as they stripped the garments from His Body.

It is impossible to describe the scene. The Prophet Isaías saw it in spirit and left a heart-rending description of it. "There is no beauty in Him nor comeliness; and we have seen Him, despised and the most abject of men, a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with infirmity . . . And we have seen Him as it were, a leper and as one struck by God and afflicted. From the sole of the foot to the top of the head there is no soundness in Him, but wounds and bruises and swelling sores."

**T**HOSE contemplating, not the garments, but the very Body of the Son of God, torn by scourges, will conceive an undying affection for Him and will hasten to put away the works of the flesh. They will clothe themselves in chastity, a garment woven from thoughts of Christ's Passion and which is an invincible armor against all the fiery darts of Satan. For St. Peter emphatically asserts: "Christ, therefore having suffered *in the flesh*, be you also armed with the same thought." St. Paul reminds his converts at Corinth, among whom a terrible sin of impurity was committed, that "Christ our Pasch is sacrificed." To preserve them from such sins, he declares again: "You are not your own. For you were bought with a great price. Glorify and bear God in your body."

He brings forward the same motive to inculcate the observances of conjugal chastity and fidelity: "Husbands, love your wives, as Christ also loved the Church and delivered Himself up for it, that He might sanctify it, cleansing it by the laver of water in the word of life, that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish. So ought men to love their wives as their *own bodies*."

In the contemplation of Jesus at the pillar these exhortations of the Apostles take on new meanings and chastity is practised. And it is the practice of chastity, that admits us into "the fellowship of His sufferings." With Him we must watch and pray lest we enter into temptation. We must curb the impulses of nature with the strong cords of self-

denial. We must go in all humility before the judges of our souls in confession and accept the wise counsels which constitute a sentence of death on the unruly passion. We must submit to the scourge of mortification, lest we perish from the just way. We must wear the thorns of

vigilance to safeguard our thoughts.

We must avoid idleness by taking up the brass of daily labor. We must endure the shame of differing from the world in a matter which it considers of little importance. We must bid farewell to those attachments of the heart which are merely carnal.

We must thirst after that vision of God which is the reward of the pure of heart. We must suffer the heart to be pierced by the hard, sharp lance of chastity in order to give entrance to the Divine Lover Who endured in His virginal Body the cruel pain of a merciless scourging.



## YELLOWSTONE: Bear by Bear

By JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI

**W**E BROKE camp in the Was-hakie range and packed tent, ponchoes and blankets into the rear of the coupe with alacrity. Ordinarily it would have been with regret for the little forest clearing, floored with pine needles, moss and gentians, had been an ideal camp spot. But beyond those mountains, a half day's journey past lupine and columbine, Indian paint pots and horsewort, along the shores of Jackson Lake and up the Teton valley, was Yellowstone Park, so storied that we had joyously anticipated it for many miles of tedious prairie crossing.

"I hope that there will be geysers spouting on each side of the park entrance," I remarked as we sped northward.

"I'd prefer bears—fuzzy and black—handing out maps," Van said.

But instead of geysers there were gate posts and of bears there were business-like rangers who collected \$7.50, gave us a permit, a book of directions and regulations, sealed our firearms and registered our names and license number. There was nothing unusual in the terrain, no animals frisked about the office doorway, nor was nature anything but her tranquil self.

The book, however, promised many wonders to come and furnished a map of our route. It warned us against taking too many fish from the lakes and streams, emphasized the fact that traffic moved on the grand circle highway counterclockwise, threatened prosecution for hunting or trapping, and directed that the bears should not be teased.

We had no desire to tease bears but we did wish to see them. No account of Yellowstone apparently is complete without a description of the highwayman attitude of the bears nor does any kodak enthusiast return

without brave pictures of himself feeding a cinnamon who had espoused civilization to avoid rustling food for herself and family. And, although we wished escape from anything that smacked of other human propinquity, we were at heart tourists enough to wish to do the same.

The Falls of the Snake River, a half mile's walk down a woodland path, provided the curtain raiser for the museum of wonders which nature has collected in that corner of the Rockies but, as we wandered along the course of the stream, our eyes were cocked more for wild life than wild charm. We saw the Falls and were impressed but we did not startle even a chipmunk.

At West Thumb Station, which stood at the junction of the south entrance road and the grand circle, we did see woodchucks. Very fat and sleek they were and entirely too tame for the wife of the ranger there. For they burrowed under her house, dozed on her porch and raided her pantry whenever her vigilance relaxed. We inquired about bears and were told that there were plenty about but met with a look of scorn when we suggested that one might be called.

"They'll be down toward night," Mrs. Ranger told us. "Just you camp over there in the tourist grounds and you'll see plenty."

Instead we went to visit the hot springs on the banks of Lake Yellowstone, wound through the Gnarled Forest, found the Natural Bridge, and admired the Mud Volcanoes and the Dragon's Mouth.

For two days we drove and hiked and saw no bears. We had found everything in the park that we had been led to expect—in soul-bewildering profusion that cataclysmic and fearful panorama unspread before us. We learned to appreciate the his-

tory that no Indian penetrated these fastness save to one point where, by a circuitous and timid trail, they could reach Obsidian Cliff there to gather quartz for arrowheads. To these children of nature, their mother had gone unaccountably and magically mad with her fountains of scalding water, her prismatic pools, her hissings and groanings, her streams that ran red and hot, her upheavals and contortions.

**N**OR did we wonder at the story of the honeymooning couple on the brim of the canyon through which the Yellowstone River churns. Two weeks before they had stood where we stood and the sight had been too awesome for the groom. His mind, surfeited with spectacle, became a battleground of fears and he hastened his bride into their car to flee precipitately to less stupendous country. The sweat beaded on his forehead as he started his engine and then with a wild throb of his heart he threw in the gear. The car obeyed the touch on the accelerator; it leaped backward, broke through the guard railing and plunged several thousand feet down the precipice, the gear still in reverse where the driver had confusedly thrust it.

A smell of sulphur was everywhere. I boiled potatoes in water taken from the river and the vegetables came out as golden as yams and a thick crust of sulphur had been deposited on the pot. We approached springs with the timid expectancy of a child reaching into a grab bag. Here the water was highly carbonated, it fizzed and had all the qualities of Apollinaris. Several miles down the road it was charged with iron, as bitter, and probably as salutary, as a tonic.

"Probably the bears feel that they are only safe drinking water around

the hotels and tourist camps," I remarked one day after I had spat out a mouthful of vile water which the rule book had marked as potable and good for my liver.

Van drank his cupful with relish much to my annoyance and then filled it again.

"They *must* go down to the hotels but all I can say is that they're too effete for us. Still we're not going to desert camping to see bears and anyhow I don't particularly care to see such civilized ones."

So we continued our circle of the park. We had excellent luck with the most temperamental of geysers and resisted the impulse to throw soap into any of the quiescent ones. (It might be added parenthetically that, like the children whose mother had warned them not to stuff beans in their noses, we had had no idea of throwing soap in geysers until the regulations expressly forbade us to do so. We investigated and learned that soap, even a sliver of soap, was sufficient to goad any geyser into the most spectacular of eruptions.)

**W**E WERE completing the park cycle when one drizzly afternoon, driving slowly through a forest, we saw a fat bear lazily rounding a turn in the road ahead. He was brown and very sleek, yet withal melancholy. Van halted the car and the bear came to sit on his haunches beside it.

"He wants some sugar," I said after our first disbelief that it was really a bear.

"Yes," Van replied in a doubtful tone, which, if our visitor could have interpreted, would have held no hope of gratification.

"I'll get him some," and immediately I stepped out of the car.

Van and the bear watched me with intense interest. We had only loose sugar and it was with our other provisions in the back of the car. I lifted up the cover, rummaged around, found the bag and, thrusting my hand in, brought out a handful of sugar. I offered my outstretched palm, with its little pile of glistening crystals to the cinnamon and without a moment's hesitation he immediately commenced to lick it from my hand. It was queer to feel his rough tongue on my flesh but his melancholy had been replaced by such satisfaction that I was at once happy and anxious to play with him. But when I extended my left hand to stroke his great head he interrupted his eating to growl so disapprovingly that I hastily put that hand in my trouser pocket.

"Come on and feed him, too," I called to Van, who had meanwhile been watching this procedure with some trepidation.

Assured, he got cautiously out of the car, took up a handful of sugar, and approached the bear, who, seeing the larger supply confronting him, deserted me and turned to it. My hand was left sticky with the damp sugar and I felt that if he had commenced the job he should finish it and lick my hand clean, so I in-

dicated this by thrusting it toward him. But he pointed his muzzle at me and growled a second time, plainly intimating that he was busy elsewhere and should not be disturbed. Later when he had exhausted Van's offering he turned to me and did the job with the greatest efficiency.

Then he was plainly ready for a third helping. But our sugar store was not very high so we gave him no more. Instead we climbed into the car and started away.

**P**ERHAPS bears have a grapevine method of communication, perhaps not, but after that encounter bears were easy. We met another the same day, a very amiable bear who took what was given him and did no growling. He was squatting beside a tiny lily-bordered lake which nestled in a hollow at the summit of the Continental Divide and whose water went both to the Atlantic and Pacific—southward to the Snake and the Columbia Rivers, and northward to the Firehole, the Madison, the Missouri and the Mississippi.

We were feeding the bear when another car drove up and hesitantly stopped on the edge of the downward slope. There were four women in it and the driver, a man, apparently not fond of animals. But so cunning did our black friend, who was standing on hind feet to reach the lumps of sugar we held out to him, appear to the ladies that they finally argued their protector into getting out and also feeding him.

They handed the man a bag of cookies, pink cookies on which bears particularly dote, and he very gingerly started forward showing the attractive morsel. The bear took one look, then dropped on all fours and lumbered toward such beautiful food but the sight of that great beast rushing upon him was too much for the tourist. He yelled his alarm, threw the bag of cookies at us, regained his car, released the brake and coasted pell-mell down the mountain without bothering to start his engine.

Van fed the cookies to the bear and with their aid we soon became fast friends. The West Thumb station was only ten miles away and we suggested to him that if he were going that way, we would give him a lift. He did get on the running board but the contraptions on the dashboard frightened him and he immediately excused himself and went off into the woods with a look which plainly implied that he had just re-

## Memory

By PHILIP HAGREEN

I OPENED a drawer and I shut it again  
In seeking a long-lost thing in vain,  
But in that instant my sense had caught  
A subtler treasure that that I sought:  
  
For from that dry and empty drawer  
There came a fragrance known before  
And it made a mirage in my mind  
Which hid the thing I had hoped to find.  
  
That ancient, earthy, wooden smell  
Belonged to a distant room as well  
And I breathed again its air forgotten  
And saw its hangings and wainscot rotten:  
  
I felt a warmth and I stood aware  
Of the tick of a clock and the creak of a stair  
And I crossed myself and I said a prayer  
For myself and the folk who were with me there.

membered a pressing tea or other social engagement.

Possibly it was his cousin—at least he bore a striking family resemblance to the black bear of the Divide—who visited us that evening just as we were spreading the ponchos and blanket in the tent and a soup was cooking over the pinewood fire. Our camp that night was on the south entrance drive near Lewis Lake and a mountain slope rose abruptly from the edge of the little wood we had selected. It was at the foot of this slope that our third bear halted and, his nostrils taking in the aroma of meat and vegetables, awaited further developments.

**T**HREE were none. We were not uncharitable—there was plenty to soup—but then we were going to sleep in a pup tent in that spot and we did not feel inclined to encourage visiting. The bear wandered disconsolately away and before we retired we made careful to see that everything edible was safely stored in the car.

The next night we were far from Lewis Lake, having returned to Yellowstone and gone into camp on the edge of the bluffs. We were too tired, having tramped for thirty miles to Heart Lake that day, to do anything more than eat and roll into our blankets. There would be time enough next morning to wash the dinner dishes, since we were remaining there for another twenty-four hours.

We heated hot water after breakfast and made one job out of breakfast pots and pans and those that had been used the night before and, so successful was the plan, we decided to repeat it thereafter. So after dinner that evening we merely piled the dishes under the pine tree that stood between the tent opening and the cliff and gave ourselves over to leisure. It was a night for leisure. The broad expanse of the lake was like a silver shield. Its far shore was hemmed in by a range of mountains and forests spread out to right and left. A flock of pelicans circled across the cloudless sky, their wings and long bodies moving in silhouette against that dark blue of a moonlit night. And the moon herself was at the full.

We reluctantly went to bed and since we were late for our custom while camping we slept more soundly. I awoke several hours later to hear noises all around the tent. There were grunts and sniffings and the sound of heavy footfalls. I lifted myself up on one elbow and looked cau-

tiously out. At that instant a black form came around the corner of the tent and made for the tree. There followed the noise of clattering tin and agate ware, and a tremendous amount of snorting and sucking.

Plainly it was a bear who was attracted by the particles of food still remaining on the dirty plates and pots. I still heard sounds behind the tent and in a moment a second bear, then a third appeared at my feet. At first, to my startled eyes, they appeared to be as huge as the first. I thought we were visited by a herd.

"Van," I whispered shaking my companion by his shoulder, "there are bears outside."

"What!" Van exclaimed in a voice too loud for my liking.

I pointed outside and he was soon staring over my shoulder at the trio.

"It's a mother bear with two cubs!" he exclaimed. "What're they in?"

"The dirty dishes."

"They wouldn't be making all that noise licking dirty dishes," he said. "What did we leave out?"

"Nothing but our regular kitchen box. There's nothing edible in that but cooking oil and I don't think bears would relish *that*."

While we were whispering the cubs had joined their mother and we could plainly see them tackling the dishes. But the mother was busied at something else and she was making huge noises whilst about it.

Van felt under the pillow for the hatchet.

"At least we'll have this, so long as our pistols are sealed."

**B**UT the bears were unconcerned with us. Then there was a dull thump.

"The eggs!" I exclaimed.

I suddenly recalled that they had been left out. They were in a large round tin cake box carefully wrapped in pine needles which at once kept them from breaking and cool. I had left them under the tree so that the box would remain cool. It was that which the bear had discovered and dropped.

We watched her with decided interest and uneasiness. The box had fallen but the lid still remained intact. Evidently the bear could smell the eggs for she sat down beside the tree and commenced juggling the box in an effort to get into it. But the lid resisted her, somewhat to our disappointment since we would have been satisfied for her to have her fill of eggs so long as she went away afterwards and did not bother us.

At last she was discouraged and to our delight and somewhat to our amazement she moved away, the cubs following her docilely.

"Well, we'll probably have to have scrambled eggs for breakfast," Van said in relief as he pulled the blankets about him and turned over to sleep.

Yet the next morning, a tribute to my ability as a packer, we found that not a single egg had been broken. We breakfasted, bade our friends the squirrels, chipmunks and gophers farewell and got under way. Several miles down the road was a ranger who wanted a lift to his station at the outlet of the lake.

We accommodated him and as we drove along he told about himself and his work. He was out that morning, he reported, looking for a bear. She was vicious, he said, and he had orders to capture or kill her. The week before she had killed a woman and two days ago had taken off the arm of a man.

**W**HAT made her so dangerous?" I asked.

"Oh, she's a mother bear and when the cubs are young they're not such good company. The man was feeding her sugar, making her stand on her hind legs and jumping for each lump. He hadn't had enough fun when he gave out of sugar so he continued to hold his hand up before her. When she found none there she took off his arm."

"Teasing the bears," Van said, nodding his head virtuously.

"And the woman got out of the car and the mother thought she was menacing the two cubs and she went for her and mangled her so badly that she died."

"Two cubs?" I questioned.

"Yes," the ranger replied. "They're about somewhere here on this side of the lake in that stretch of wood back there. Haven't seen them, have you? A black she-bear and two middle-sized black cubs?"

"Yes," Van answered, "they came to see us last night."

I looked at Van and he looked at me and although neither of us spoke we knew that the other was being grateful that the ranger's information had come to us after and not before our visit. And when a brown bear wandered into the road as we were bound through that region known as the Voodoos we gave him a cold look, honked our horn and sped by him without pausing to hand out our customary tribute of sugar.



# My Card-Index on the Loose

*The First of  
Twelve Chapters*

By JOHN GIBBONS

## How Tall Was Adam?

**A**SUMING that this series has got to be begun at all, where better could it begin than with Adam? Luckily I am able from my card-index to tell you exactly how tall he was. The figures are as follows: Adam, 123 feet, 9 inches; Eve, 118 feet, 9 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches; Noah, 103 feet; Abraham, 27 feet; Moses, 13 feet; Hercules, 10 feet; Alexander the Great, 6 feet, and Julius Caesar, 5 feet. The whole business was once carefully worked out—even down to the odd  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch of Eve's height—by Father Nicolas Henrion, a French priest who lived from 1663 to 1720. How he did it, I do not know; probably on some system of false chronology and muddled science. But there it is, and I found it in the "Memoires de l'Academie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres," vol. V, p. 379. There is not a single fact of the good Father's that I am in a position to contradict. The only thing that makes me in the least doubtful is that, reckoning by his figures, I myself in 1930 would be about 18 inches or so tall. And really, I am bigger.

I can also tell you that Adam died of the Gout. That reference is from the manuscript of an ancient pedigree in the Herald's College, London. Again, the only church in Christendom dedicated to our First Parents is the Chapel of Adam and Eve, Merchant's Quay, Dublin.

Adam and Eve I have got, as the names of the first two babies ever born in Madeira after the Portuguese discovery of the island about 1420. Then we come to the Adam-

ites, an early Gnostic sect, who celebrated their parody of Christian services in a state of nudity. And there is the worship of Adam, which was suggested in the sixteen thirties by Fray Luis Aparico, a Spanish Friar who had gone off his head. This Adam-worship business, by the way, occurs again mixed up somehow with the very earliest history of Mormonism. And my only other record on that particular card is that Father

in which is condensed the downfall of the ancient Portuguese Empire of the East and the changing of the history of the world. Those were the proud days when the royal title of "King by the Grace of God, of Portugal and the Algarves both on this side the Sea and beyond it in Africa, Lord of Guinea and of the Conquest, Navigation and Commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, and India" was literally true, and when Portugal swayed all the world that there was. The Viceroy of India, Dom Constantino de Braganca, had captured from Ceylon the most sacred relic of the Buddhist world, the famous object known as the Buddha's Tooth, and had taken it in triumph to his capital at Goa. A native Rajah at once offered the enormous sum of about \$500,000.00 (worth perhaps twenty times as much in modern currency) for its safe return, at the same time promising to vouch forever the Portuguese garrison of the Malaccas. It was a tremendous offer, and acceptance would probably have safeguarded the Portuguese power in the East for centuries. But the Viceroy in the name of his Christian country refused it, and before a monster crowd

## AUTHOR'S NOTE

Years ago the whim came to me to jot down such oddments of Catholic history as appealed to my interest. I soon found my notes going wrong. Stray jottings on the backs of old envelopes got lost or were left untranscribed, two or three notes would be made on one card; and then how to index them! It was only when, in sheer despair, wondering how to dispose of some thousand of untidy index-cards that the great idea suddenly came to me. Let them be turned into a series of articles.

These articles profess to be no more than the merest collection of odds and ends. Magpie-like, all that I have done is to pick up anything I chanced upon that happened momentarily to attract my interest.

Let me tell one short story. Many years ago, having occasion to visit the Bodleian Library, I applied for a letter of recommendation to "read" to an Oxford divine. The letter said, "Bearer appears to be a person of some education, though not, of course, a scholar." And after many years with this description I find no cause to quarrel. I would even set it down in black and white that I have no wish to be a scholar.—John Gibbons.

John Marignolli, a fourteenth century Franciscan, was apparently the first white man to visit Adam's Peak in Ceylon.

## C. C. C. C.

**A**BOUT Ceylon, however, I can dig out another story far more interesting, only I have it indexed under the letters C.C.C.C. And this stands for *Constantinus Cupidine Caeli Crumenas Cremavit*,—a phrase

C.C.C.C. that practically changed the political map of the world.

#### K. K. K. and "Mary Anne"

AFTER this the K.K.K. business of America, with all its film-fan effects of white sheets and the rest, seems a trifle tame, and the few scraps that I have about the thing seem scarcely worth the copying. Not that the Klu Klux Klan was even the only K.K.K. Society, for there was a far more powerful Club of similar initials in the Philippines of 1896. The Katipunam Society was its real title, and it was always symbolized by the triple K, the point being that it was anti-Spanish and that no letter for K exists in Spanish. A curiosity about the Society was its employment of a mock Hierarchy which deliberately parodied Catholicism, every senior officer being a "Bishop" and the like, with, of course, a "Pope" as supreme head. And on the same card I have a note about another Secret Society, which existed in the France of 1630 to 1660. And, oddly enough, it styled itself as the *Compagnie de Saint Sacrement* (The Company of the Blessed Sacrament). The A.P.A. or American Protective Association of 1887, though frankly anti-Catholic, avoided at least deliberate blasphemy. And so on my subject I come to "Mary Anne," which was the signature of most of the letters sent out by the various Italian secret societies of "Free-thinkers" in the anti-Papal struggles of the Europe of the middle of the last century.

#### Some Sham Saints

SPEAKING of Buddha, by the way, it may be interesting to note that an odd legend once arose having him as canonized "by accident" as a Saint of the Catholic Church and one can find the story repeated in an "Illustrated London News" of a date as late as 1871. In reality there were two Saints of Northern India, SS. Barlaam and Josaphat, who were martyred in 383. Some of the legendary doings of Buddha were by some foolish mistake attributed to St. Barlaam, and so we got the story that Buddha was a "Catholic Saint." While we are at it, we might as well add a charming medieval legend to the effect that Mohammed once tried to have himself made Pope of Rome. The story is repeated in *Piers Plowman*. And another Mahomedan legend, extraordinarily popular in its day, was that the mother of St. Thomas à Becket was a Moslem

lady. And Saint Lucifer makes another positive beauty. The reference comes out of the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

I can boast of quite a good line of index-cards under Sham Saints. I have down a public park at Gelendzhik in Russia as dedicated to the Prophet Elijah (Lenin, of course, is practically a saint in the modern Bolshevik Calendar), Charlemagne as being canonized in 1165 by the anti-Pope Paschal III, and no less a personage than Pontius Pilate as a Saint in the Abyssinian Church. His day is June 25. Incidentally, he takes up two or three of my cards. The Mount Pilatus in Switzerland has really nothing whatever to do with him, its name being simply the Latin for "bald." But so intense was the belief in the old legend of the banishment of Pontius Pilate to this wild fastness that for centuries it was said that the throwing of a stone into the black tarn up the forbidding heights would inevitably be followed by a violent tempest. As late as 1585, Johann Mueller, the Protestant pastor of Lucerne, made the almost official trip up to the tarn, but whether to dispel the legend or to throw his stone, my card sayeth not. In any case, the mountain had nothing to do with Pontius Pilate, the far more probable real story being that he was actually banished to life-long exile in Ameria, which I believe to be somewhere in Syria. Only, down in my writing, it looked like America and for the moment startled me. And the only other bit about him that I have is that on February 27, 1860, the Bishop of Poitiers publicly compared Napoleon III to Pontius Pilate, though in the end he was only banished to England.

#### For Gloriana's Glory

ONE more name down on my little list of Sham Saints is that of St. Medard, and here we have a magnificent instance of the drawbacks of my method of making an index. For St. Medard was a very real Saint indeed, and the "sham" had nothing directly to do with him. But it was a Jansenite priest of Flanders who was buried in the grounds of St. Medard's Church who made up the sham part. For after his death, his body was supposed to work miracles and crowds used to come to the grave, until the authorities looked into the matter and so finished the scandal.

An even better Sham Saint is my story of St. Enurchus, for there really never was such a person. The

point, however, of the little tale is curious.

#### St. Enurchus!

ON September 7 fell the birthday of Queen Elizabeth of England, the Protestant Gloriana of "Happy Memory." After her death it was felt amongst the divines of the Anglican Church as by Law Established that so august a Day ought to be commemorated by some sort of ecclesiastical recognition. To create Gloriana, the "Virgin Queen" of the English school-books for the very young and of the English music-hall jokes for those of riper years, was however a trifle too strong for even the Anglican divines, and it was therefore determined to pick out some minor Saint whose Day occurred upon August 7th and to raise him, so to speak, to Red Letter rank, using his Day as a peg upon which to hang a national holiday really in honor of the departed Queen. It was at the Hampton Court Conference of 1604 that this momentus decision was reached, and the learned assembly plumped, if one might use the term, for Saint Euvertius, a Black Letter Saint falling conveniently enough upon the 7th. That he had nothing to do with England was of no matter. He was, in fact, a Bishop of Orleans in France, who died in the fifth century, and after whom is called the famous St. Euvert's Abbey. But all that mattered very little. The great thing was to get him down somehow in the Anglican Calendar. Only, unfortunately, the learned scholars were in such a hurry about the business that they got his name down wrong. "St. Enurchus" was the new Saint by which all Merry England should remember its Protestant Queen, and as "St. Enurchus" he figured for many years in the Protestant Calendar without anyone even so much as noticing the little error. It made a good card for me.

#### Pope-and-Animal Stories

NOW Animals again made another quite decent sequence of mine, and beginning with "Ostrich" we come to the interesting fact that Leo the Thirteenth kept in the Vatican Gardens a small menagerie with a couple of ostriches, a few deer, and some pelicans. And another Pope-and-Animal story has to do with the Dove which perched on the shoulder of Innocent III on the day of his coronation. Then there is the famous Elephant which was presented

to Leo X by the King of Portugal. In 1514 this was when Portugal just about owned the East, and Tristan (the man who found the Island of Cunha) as Portuguese Ambassador took with him as presents a whole collection representing the flora and fauna of the then known world. So there was a panther with a Persian keeper in charge to put it through its tricks. And a rhinoceros, only the ship that was carrying it was wrecked just off the Italian Coast, so that only the drowned carcass was washed ashore. And they stuffed it and then etched the result. And one effort by the great Albrecht Durer is today to be seen in the British Museum, only more as an example of etching than of stuffing.

But the Elephant was luckier and they got it ashore and having been marched into Rome before enormous crowds, it lived for two years. "And," they say, "when it saw the Pope it fell on its knees before him, and said with a terrible voice, 'Bar! Bar Bar!'" Which, to me, indeed, seems something of a miracle, the Elephant, I mean, saying it, and not the reader. And if anyone wants the reference, it is in the *Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum* of 1517.

#### A Medieval Lion

Now, very much as in England, the original Zoological Gardens were at the Tower of London, where they kept the "King's Beasts" as a sort of symbol of royalty, so in Medieval Rome they kept a live lion. Its keeper's salary was thirty florins a year, and this used, they say, to be collected from the Jews on Good Friday every year. Only the keeper can scarcely have earned his fee honestly, for there is a record that in 1414 the official lion got out and killed some little children. And then just about the same date, in 1406, I've got some wolves. Five large ones came in from the country and were killed in the Vatican Gardens.

Again, under horses comes Father Martin Dobrizhoffer, a Jesuit missionary to Brazil in the middle of the seventeen hundreds, and his "Account of the Abipones, an Equestrian People of Paraguay," because it was the very best work on horsemanship at that date ever written. The curious thing, though, was that there should have been an "equestrian people" in Paraguay at all, seeing that the horse was supposed to have been altogether unknown in South America prior to its introduction into the Continent by Pedro Mendoza in 1535. In two

centuries or so, then, the beasts must have multiplied to the extent of running wild in the huge herds of the Pampas.

#### Cortez' Horse

UNDER this subject comes the tale of Cortez and his celebrated horse. The Conquistador was exploring the fringes of his new Empire, and somewhere about the boundary of Mexico and of what we now call Central America, the steed of one of his men fell sick. It was left in charge of some Indians and the expedition moved on into the unknown. The Indians in fear of punishment treated their guest with all the honor of a literally sacred charge, stabbing it in one of their temples and according it almost divine reverence. Most unfortunately, however, the horse in spite of all this exceptional treatment and perhaps, indeed, because of it—the Indian's idea of how a centaur god should be nursed including feeding it on fruit—went and ungratefully died on its kind hosts. Whereupon the natives as the next best thing to having a live and lustily-kicking horse to show Cortez on his return, carved a statue of it and worshipped the thing. Cortez, in point of fact, did not return that way and the horse was probably written off as a casualty by the Spanish quarter-master, but the statue-worship continued.

And went on continuing for well over a century, until some missionary Fathers coming that way in 1697 discovered the image and had it formally broken into pieces as an idolatrous relic. So, at least, the story goes according to Mr. Cunningham-Graham's "Brought Forward," a travel book dealing with that particular part of the world. But when in 1930 I corresponded on the subject with Mr. Cecil Gosling, a British ex-diplomat who had spent many years in out-of-the-way corners of Central America and who also had written a most entertaining book upon his experiences and who had too mentioned that particular story, I was told that the Statue-Horse was still extant.

#### I Correct Myself

AFTER reading the above, I had some doubts; and as I do like to have my horses' tales straightened out, I hunted up this blessed horse.

The place was at Petén in Guatemala, and Cortez did leave a sick horse there. Exact date not known, but on his journey from Mexico to

Honduras, trip in 1524-26. The Indians fed the horse on fruit, and it died.

It had in life been given by the Indians the name of *Tzimin Chac*, the Lightning God, and offered flowers and birds by way of worship. After its death, they made "a great idol in the form of a horse, made of stone and cement. It was seated on the floor of the temple on its haunches with its hind-legs bent under it, raising itself on its forelegs." Probably it had died like this. In 1618 the Friars from Merida turned up in Petén and found this image, and a Father Juan de Orbita seized with holy frenzy took a mallet and broke it. Whereupon the Indians turned the Friars out.

In 1696 another missionary, Fr. Avendano, coming to Tayasal "saw, simply a box suspended in which we could see, although hastily and indistinctly, a very large leg or thigh bone which appeared to be that of a horse." About 172 years after the thing had died.

This seems to reconcile the two stories in my narrative. The image was broken, and they still kept the real horse's bones. And perhaps still keep them. My information is from "Central America" by L. E. Elliott, who copies from Cogolludo. I do not know who he was; probably a Spanish historian.

#### The "Palio" of Sienna

THE annual "Palio" of Sienna in Italy, that quaint sort of horse-race every August, three times round a very narrow circle and the jockeys in a medieval dress complete with a bit of armour and each jockey allowed to hit any other jockey or to strike his horse and make it swerve, and all for the possession of the "palio" or banner presented for the year to the winning Guild, is an event that must have been described times without number.

What, however, I have got down about the thing is a record that in 1685 it was a lady who was the winner. Her lover was going to compete, of course, and then equally of course, at the last moment he was prevented. Bookmakers with bets on the opposition Guild had probably nobbled the man. We can almost visualize the whole scene. The excited crowds, and the Girl's Father, that fine old Southern Gentleman, ruined if the lad's horse failed to start. And then another flicker, and we see the Siennese starter with his stop-watch in his hand. And only

one more second to go as the thing ticks inexorably round. Then a quick fade-out, and who is this that comes pushing through the milling mob round the starting-gate? We cannot see (though we can guess) for a dainty mask hides the face of the Unknown. And in the end it turns out to be the Maid of Sienna, and if my card-index could tell me her name, I should say that she must have been the original ancestress of half Hollywood. As it is, her picture is still hanging in Sienna at the headquarters of the Guild of the Dragon.

#### Now About Dragons

**T**ALKING about Dragons—I have to do this sort of thing if this series is to get on at all—I've got them down too in my Animal Category, though really they should presumably have a card to themselves under Insects. The record is of the June of 1673, when the missionary Father Marquette, pushing his way westwards near what is now Alton, Illinois, came upon a pair of Dragons carved out of a bluff overlooking the Mississippi. Painted as well as carved, they were later on hailed by scholars as the finest attainment of Indian native art ever discovered in America and it seems a thousand pities that the sculptures no longer exist. As a matter of fact, just before the American Civil War they were destroyed by quarrymen in pure carelessness.

Whether they were really "dragons" in the western-world sense of mythical creatures or not, the scholars never agreed, but one theory advanced was that they stood for the "Thunder Bird" of the Algonquins. And another Red-Indian-Animal story amongst my cards has to do with yet one more missionary. This was Father Charlevoix up in Canada, and he told a tale, which he had heard from the Iroquois, of a Giant Elk so enormous that his movements were not in the least impeded even when running through snow-banks eight feet deep.

Quite a tall story it must have seemed at the time, and I am not at all sure that it ought not to go next to the "Tailed Man" seen by Father Ribeiro, a Carmelite missionary down in Brazil in 1752. Anyway, I've got the Unicorn in my collection. The Jesuit Father Lobo, a missionary to Abyssinia, has it in his records as being reported by the natives. It may have been a rhinoceros from further to the south. And the very last of my animals is the Llama, that camel-

looking thing that sits up and spits superciliously at strangers. Since the llama herds comprised a very large proportion of the wealth of the South American Indians, the Jesuit missionaries in those parts found it necessary to make special regulations for their care and maintenance.

#### Humanity Martin

**U**NDER Cruelty to Animals I've got ever so much about Richard Martin, the Member of Parliament for Galway in Ireland in the eighteen-twenties or so. "Hair-trigger-Dick" was his original nick-name, Mr. Martin in his youth being a famous duelist with an unhappy knack of winning. And then as he grew older and entered Parliament he first distinguished himself and established a reputation for eccentricity by solemnly protesting in the House of Commons against George IV's treatment of his wife. As George, in spite of being a swindler, a roué, and usually helplessly intoxicated, counted as the "First Gentleman in Europe," Martin's movement created something of a sensation.

From bad to worse the man went on, and from championing mere wives he next proceeded actually to take up the cause of animals, bringing before a House of English gentlemen paralyzed with laughter a proposal to stop bear-baiting and the tearing into bits of live beasts. Bill after Bill did "Humanity Martin," to give the man his usual sneering nick-name, bring before Parliament and though most of them were immediately laughed out of the House, in the end he had at least part of his way and became the pioneer of all our modern anti-Cruelty-to-Animals movements and societies. It is an odd parallel that the flogging of private soldiers in the English Army should have been put an end to by the vote of the Irish members of Parliament.

#### Martin and Philip

**R**eturning, however, to our animals, I notice that in my index the next card to Llamas is Luther and with the thousands upon thousands of learned books that must have been written about the man, all that I have against him is "see Bigamy" and "see Ships." The Bigamy reference is to the death of Philip of Hesse on March 31, 1567. This was one of the German princes of the day, a very great man indeed, who appears in the history books as "The Magnanimous," a stalwart leader of the new Protestant movement and one

of the staunchest supporters of Martin Luther. And the particular point of my card is that in 1540 "The Magnanimous" had been very anxious to marry a particular lady, only his tender conscience troubling him, since his real wife was still alive, he wrote to Luther for advice upon the subject. In the March of 1540 the New Messiah issued his decree, in the form of a strictly private letter. The Prince, he said, certainly might "marry," the new and revised code of theology quite allowing it in particular cases. Only since the common people might misunderstand the business, the second "marriage" should be kept a secret lest scandal might be caused. So that was that. Only my card-index being, as I say, very imperfect, I filed the business not under "Theology" or "Reforms" or anything like that but simply as bare "Bigamy."

#### To Van Dieman's Land

**T**HE other Luther reference does not strictly concern personally the "reformer" at all, but has to do with a ship. It was in the early years of the eighteen hundreds when thousands of English convicts were being transported every year to the new Colonies of Australia and the Van Dieman's Land that we now call Tasmania. (It was a Catholic, by the way, who was largely responsible for ending the system. This was the Bishop Willson, a Lincolnshire man, who became the first Bishop of Hobart). Anyway, a good number of the convicts were unfortunate Irish, and Popery, in spite of every step to repress it, was springing up by leaps and bounds in the new countries. And as a kind of counterblast a virtuous Protestant Society conceived the idea of sending out from England a whole ship-load of strictly Protestant young women. They had, of course, no money and no friends and no voice in the matter, being principally collected from orphanages and the like. But each young woman was given as a suitable start in Australia a copy of the Authorized Version of the Scriptures. And so the happy voyage began with the very best wishes of the subscribers to the Society. The young women were, of course, by their station in life admirably fitted to become domestic servants in Australia and later on might even become wives to the more promising of the ex-convicts, so helping to wean the colony from its unfortunate tendencies to Romanism.

The best plans, however, go astray and on the whole the voyage, begun so propitiously, can scarcely be described as wholly happy. To begin with, either the Society had underestimated the amount of victuals necessary or a food contractor had swindled pretty badly. At any rate, once out in the Indian Ocean the food ran short and the wretched girls, in spite of their Authorized Versions, were nearly starving. There was, however, drink on board and in plenty, and the crew got at the spirits and then at the women. And, to put it baldly, when at last, some weeks late, the ship did manage to make its Australian harbor, it was about as fair an imitation of a floating hell as could well be imagined. If anyone wants the details, they can be found in the official English State Papers. For there were "Questions" about the business in the English Parliament. And why I have it all down opposite the name of the apostate monk is because they called the ship the "Martin Luther."

#### Noah's and Other Ships

PLenty more ships I have, of course, and perhaps one of the best to begin with would be Noah's Ark. In the Middle Ages it was a favorite theme for the Mystery Play, and especially during the month of March. For according to the old tradition, the 17th was the anniversary of the exact date on which Noah entered his Ark. The Play, by the way, half religious and serious, and half funny, usually ended with a violent quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. Noah, the lady in a wifely way being at the last moment "not ready" with her packing, and insisting that if Noah was in such a hurry he had better sail alone and take his chance of finding a new wife (S. C. Addy, "Church and Manor.")

Then I've got the Trinity or, to be more accurate, the Trinidad. This was the ship which according to some historians of engineering was the world's very first steamer, coming indeed centuries before the time of Stephenson. It was in 1543 that the Trinidad is supposed to have been run, making under the direction of Blasco de Garay a trial trip in Barcelona Harbor before Charles the Fifth. Three-miles-an-hour she is supposed to have made, but it is fair to say that the story is contradicted by half the historians. There is a record, by the way, in the *Mémoires* of the Jesuit Fathers of Pekin of a ship worked by paddles, only

driven by man-power and not by steam. So it may have been that the Trinidad was of the same sort.

I've ignored most of the famous ships of history, and then got a stray note about the "Tolten," which was a Chilean war-ship built in a Thames ship-yard in 1873. And the point about her was that she seems to have been the very first ship in England since the "reformation" to have been "baptized" in the Catholic fashion. Father O'Halloran of Greenwich performed the ceremony, sprinkling the hull with Holy Water while his choir sung the *Benedictus*. There was no breaking of a bottle of wine, and all the newspapers were intensely surprised. And then another stray card has to do with Father Juan de Ugarte, and though no Incorporated Company in the San Francisco of today will ever have heard of him, it was he who was the real founder of the Californian ship-building trade, laying down in 1700 the very first ship to be built out of native timber as opposed to hulls imported from the Old World.

Then I've got the "Sanctus Salvator", another ship that most people will never have heard of. And she was laid down about 1440, a "vast ship of great burden" (and probably about the size of a modern fishing boat) on purpose to develop the industries of the Scottish Coast. It was a Bishop Kennedy who built her and she belonged to the See of

St. Andrews as the official boat of the Diocese. And then they say that Catholicism is retrograde, impractical, and altogether out of touch with the exigencies of modern commercial needs. Another entry is that Sao Salvador (Bahia) today still remains a religious capital of Brazil, and war-ships put in there to be blessed.

#### Say, "Guinea"

And then next to Ships comes, for some reason, Shibbleth, and in its way that gives its little story too. The reference is to the July of 1823, and concerned some Scottish miners working at Musselburgh near Edinburgh. The point was that some Irish, workless and starving in their own country, had come over and were hewing in the mines as unskilled laborers. The Scotch did not welcome the idea, which lowered wages. And anyway the Irish to a man were Papists. So there was every possible provocation for a very pretty little riot. And after paytime when the men had got their drink, they lined the lanes leading to the mines and challenged every stranger passing. And if he pronounced "Guinea" without the local Lowland burr, then he got his head cut open with a spade, and served him right for being a Papist. And I indexed the lot under "Shibbleth."

(Another chapter of My Card-Index on the Loose will appear in the September issue.)

## To Dismas

### THE THIEF OF HEAVEN

By Hugh F. Blunt, LL.D.

**G**OOD Thief Dismas, teach me your art!  
Not the art of your novice days,  
With your petty thefts in a worldly mart,  
Your robberies on the broad highways.

Thefts like these I could do too well,  
The dark and devious ways I've trod;  
No master I need in the arts of Hell,  
'Tis easy to rob the glory of God.

Mighty Thief, who by violence  
Could force the locks of the Heavenly door,  
Nor even God could assert defence  
Against such battering-ram you bore.

Good Thief Dismas, teach me to take  
Treasures that have no earthly dross;  
Show me how Heaven's doors to break;  
Good Thief Dismas, lend me your cross!



# Table d'Hote Shakespeare

By Frank Burton

*(Performing Rights Reserved)*

**W**AITER: Will you please to come in, Madame? The dinner waits you.

CUSTOMER: The table's full.

W.: Here is a place reserved.

C.: Where?

W.: Here, good my lady!

C.: Thanks! Now, the menu! 'Cans't thou minister to a hungry soul?

Ah, if to eat were as easy as to know what 'twere good to eat, cream trifles had been porridge, and lobster mayonnaise the humble bloater!

W.: All the world's the same.

For all the men and women love their dinners.

They have their egg dishes and their entrees,

While some prefer to take our table d'hote,

The whole being seven courses.

First the hors d'oeuvres, piquant to the palate,

Luscious olives, salad or sardine;

Then the soup, lentil or consomme;

Next, some dainty turbot a la reine.

Then for meat a juicy piece of steak,

Followed by a little tender fowl.

For sweet, what is better than peche melba,

Unless it's sherry trifle and some cream?

Last course of all, to end this first class dinner,

Is cheese, Dutch, Gorgonzola, or Gruyères,

Sans smell, sans taste, sans mites, sans everything!

And now may good digestion wait on appetite,

And health on both!

C.: 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished!

What o'clock is't?

W.: Madam, 'tis strucken eight.

C.: Then be swift like lightning in the execution

And bring me some hors d'oeuvres!

W.: I'll put a girdle round about the kitchen  
In forty seconds!

*(Returns with hors d'oeuvres).*

There's olives! That's for remembrance!

There's pickled cabbage! That's for love!

There's a sardine! That's for thoughts!

There's spring onions! That's for tears!

But perhaps Madam would prefer leeks?

C.: What's in a name?

An onion, by any other name

Would smell like leek.

W.: Madam will take a roll?

C.: Tell me, where is the fancy bread?

W.: Age cannot wither nor poor custom stale  
The infinite variety of our bread

C.: If you have got the soup I love, carry on!

Give me excess of it, that, surfeited,

The appetite may sicken, and so die.

Pea soup again? I like it best of all;  
It came upon the air like the sweet smell

That breathes upon a bank of violets,

Stealing and giving odour. Enough! No more!

'Tis not so good as 'twas before;

The quality is murky; 'Tis not strained!

O Waiter mine, where are you roaming?

W.: But stay awhile, your fish is coming.  
I can smell it through the door.

*(Brings fish)*

Here's a bit of lovely whiting.

Try to get a real good bite in.

What's to come is still unsure.

C.: What! Has this thing appeared again tonight?

'Tis little more than skin, and less than kind

Of you to bring it.

W.: I must be cruel only to be kind,  
Thus bad begins but worse remains behind.

C.: But what is't?

W.: A fish! It smells like fish, a very ancient and fish-like smell.

C.: O but the fish is rank! It smells to heaven!

'Tis the rankest compound of villainous smell

That ever offended nostril!  
Discretion is the better part of valor,  
So stand not upon the order of your going  
But go at once, and bring hither some steak!

W.: Madam, 'tis not yet done.

C.: If 'twere done when 'tis done,  
Then 'tis well 'twere done quickly!  
O who can hold a fire in his hand  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus,  
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite  
By the bare imagination of a feast?

(Waiter brings meat)

C. (trying meat): O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a stew!

C. (Tastes it): It's horse! It's horse! My kingdom but it's horse!

Take, oh take the stuff away!

What cannot be chewed must be effaced!

W. (bringing chicken): If you have tears, prepare to shed them now!

You see this dear old chicken. I remember  
The first time we ever put it on.

'Twas on a summer evening three months back,  
The day that Flip Flap won the Cambridgeshire.  
Look! In this place we ran a skewer through!  
See what a rent one' furious customer made!  
And as he plucked his carving knife away,  
Mark how the chicken's head turned round to see  
What brute had so unkindly knocked, or no!

C.: Your chicken hath a lean and hungry look.  
I would have birds about me that are fat.

Hence, possible shadow, unreal mockery, hence!

W.: Alas! Poor Yorick! Be thou chaste as snow and hard as nails

Thou shalt not escape calumny.

And now will Madam take the sweet or fruit?  
Shall we feed her with apricots and dewberries,  
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries?

C.: Be not familiar, and certainly not vulgar.

(Waiter brings sweet)

C.: Lo, when at English feasts do I regret  
The dainties last, to make the end most sweet!

W.: Sweets to the sweet!

(C. looks annoyed)

Will Madam take some more?

C.: Can one desire too much of a good thing?  
But 'no, I'll change my mind, and take some cheese.

W.: Frailty, thy name is Woman!

(Brings cheese)

W.: If for cheese you have a mind,  
Try this Gruyère, it's got no rind.  
If you prefer another kind,  
The Camembert is most refined.  
Out of sight and out of mind,  
But never out of Cheddar you'll find,  
This cheese will you of Sussex remind.  
Just try a bit—it's made at Glynde.  
But best of all, when you have dined,  
Is Stilton, it leaves them all behind!

C.: You do not mention Gorgonzola.  
Cannot you find me some?

W. (mysteriously): I will watch tonight!

Perchance it may walk again!

(Exit)

C.: And now must I to the manicurist!  
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough bite them how we will!

Sirrah, my bill!

(Re-enter Waiter)

W.: I will make out a schedule of meal.  
It shall be inventoried, and every course  
Labelled as: item, one hors d'oeuvres, various;  
Item, one soup, very thin: one fish, mostly skin;  
One meat, two veg., indifferently cooked;  
One chicken, and so forth.  
Did you have bread? Come, while you live,  
Tell truth and shame the devil.  
No bread? Threepence extra! Total, eleven and six-pence.

Truly thou art a valiant trencherman!

C.: To tip or not to tip? That is the question.  
Whether 'tis better to give of my poor means,  
And help him to amass an outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against this pernicious practice,  
And by opposing help to end it. But yet—  
Dare I refuse and yet come here again?  
Thus custom doth make cowards of us all!  
Had he served me with half the zeal  
He served those flashy people sitting over there,  
I might have left him twopence 'neath the plate.  
Enough! I am resolved! I'll screw my courage to the sticking place,  
And leave him nothing!

Sirrah, my cloak!

(Waiter enters)

C.: Tell me, is it the custom here to give gratuities?

W.: Madam, 'tis a custom more honored in the breach  
Than the observance!

C.: Then, once more unto the breach, dear friend!

(Exit. Waiter looks ruefully at table.)

## Three Business Virtues

By H. V. T. BURTON

### I. PUNCTUALITY

Why write this letter?  
Aeroplanes fall,  
Mail-bags disappear,  
And your spelling's queer.  
Don't write at all—  
Better, far better.

### II. TRUTH

Never tell lies:  
They return like flies,  
And buzz round the cerebellum.  
—Get others to tell 'em.

### III. EFFICIENCY

Into grandma's snuff  
James put just enough  
Cyanide.  
Grandma died.

THE SIGN POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

# The SIGN-POST

## Questions & Answers

### Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

#### STATES OF LIFE: MARRIAGE IN VESTRY

(1) I have heard it said that there are just two states of life—the religious state and the married state, and that if a woman does not marry she ought to become a nun. Is this true?

(2) I once heard a missionary say that the Church is so opposed to mixed marriages that they cannot take place in the vestry of the church, but only in the priest's rectory. As a matter of fact I saw a mixed marriage take place in the vestry. How can these two things be reconciled?—N. N.

(1) The question as to the various states of life is often treated loosely and somewhat with bias. The Church teaches nothing, so far as we know, concerning the number of states of life. The Council of Trent does declare, however, that the state of virginity is in itself higher and more excellent than the state of marriage. This does not mean that the individuals constituted in the first state are by that fact more perfect than those of the latter.

In Holy Scripture there seems to be four well-defined states of life of divine ordination. First, the married state; second, the religious state of the vows; the state of virginity lived in the world; the sacerdotal state. St. Paul recommends the state of virginity, entered upon from the motive of piety and personal perfection, as a higher and more excellent state than that of marriage. (See 1 Cor. 7:8, 39, 40.) As he supposes that the virgin will live in the world, it may be concluded that God sanctions this kind of life, as distinct from the state of chastity in the priesthood and in the religious state. Usually one who desires to live the life of virginity from religious motives enters into the religious state.

We do not think it correct to say that there are only two states of life for a woman, and, therefore, that if a woman does not marry she should enter the convent.

(2) The Canon Law of the Church does severely condemn mixed marriages, but the law also makes provision for dispensations when the conditions she lays down for the preservation of the faith of the Catholic party and the children are present. The law says nothing about the place where mixed marriages are to be performed. All that the common laws says is that all sacred rites are forbidden. However, the law itself authorizes bishops to soften the rigor of the prohibition to use sacred rites, when its strict observance would work more harm than good. Each country has its own regulations in this matter of sacred rites for mixed marriage. The custom in this country is to perform mixed marriages in the rectory, but as was said above, the common law allows the bishop to make exceptions.

#### CHRIST BOTH MAN AND GOD

Will you kindly explain the following text from the Gospel of St. John, chapter 14, verse 28: "If you loved me you would indeed be glad because I go to the Father, for the Father is greater than I"? Christian faith demands that every one believe that there is one God, and that there are three distinct Persons in God, perfectly equal, of the same

substance and nature. However, the above words of Christ seem to contradict the teachings of the Church.  
NEW YORK CITY.

N. N.

Your difficulty is nicely explained in the footnote to be found on this passage in the Catholic Bible. The gist of that explanation is that Christ was speaking as *man*, because as God He was perfectly equal to the Father: "Who thought it not robbery to be equal to God, but emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant. . ." (Phil. 2:6.) Jesus spoke of His approaching death and in this way He was preparing them for the shock which they would feel when He would no longer be with them: "and now I have told you before it [my death] come to pass, that when it shall come to pass you may believe." (v. 29.)

In order to show that He was also God, equal to the Father, Jesus said on an earlier occasion, "I and the Father are one" (John 10:30.) That is, we are of the same substance and nature. Because Jesus claimed equality with the Father the Jews "took up stones to stone Him." They took Him literally and Jesus meant that they should so understand Him.

This apparent contradiction is made clearer when we remember that in the Holy Trinity there is but *one nature* which the Three Divine Persons equally possess. But in Christ there are two complete and distinct natures—the human and the divine—which are united in an ineffable manner in the *one person of Jesus Christ*. On account of Christ's two-fold nature He could speak as God and as man. In the passage you refer to He is speaking as man, and therefore He could say that as man the Father was greater than He.

#### INDULGENCES OF STATIONS OF CROSS

May the indulgences of the Stations of the Cross be gained more than once a day?  
SOMERVILLE, MASS.

M. C.

As we have answered several times before in these columns, it is not certain whether or not the indulgences attached by the Church to the Stations of the Cross may be gained more than once a day. This does not mean, however, that the spiritual fruits, such as stronger faith, more ardent love, resignation, etc., (which are distant from the indulgences), may not be gained more than once a day. Every sincere consideration of the sufferings of Christ brings its own reward in an increase of grace and devotion.

#### FATHER DAMIEN AND LEPERS

(1) Was it Father Damien who sacrificed his life for the lepers?  
(2) Where may I obtain a copy of his life, and literature on lepers?  
OIL CITY, PA.

B. A.

(1) Father Damien is the priest whose heroic work among the lepers of Molokai has merited the admiration of the world. When a certain minister, Rev. Dr. Douglas Hyde,

of Honolulu, attacked his character, Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist, rushed to his defense, and penned that thrilling apology which can be found in his collected works, and which put Damien's name before the world.

(2) The Life of Father Damien can be obtained in pamphlet form, price five cents (plus postage), through THE SIGN. There is also a short article on the martyr priest in the Catholic Encyclopedia, Vol. VI, page 615. If you are interested in leper patients we advise you to write to the Department of Agriculture in Washington, D. C., which deals with these cases.

#### RELIGIOUS: ANGELS: SAINT CORNELIUS

(1) *Is there a religious order of brothers who care for boys and men in penitentiaries? Where can I get information about them?*

(2) *A says that angels are pure spirits, and, therefore, that a human being cannot be an angel, but only a saint—as angels are said to have no bodies. B says that it is possible for a child of three or five years to become an angel at death. But A says no—this is impossible no matter what the age. A also claims that there are no women angels, but only men angels. Most angels look like women, though.*

(3) *Please tell me something about St. Cornelius.*

CHICAGO, ILL.

C. N.

(1) The Christian Brothers are engaged in some dioceses in caring for boys in reformatories. We do not know of any brotherhood specially caring for men in penitentiaries. For further information write to De La Salle Institute, 3455 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

(2) This discussion is interesting. Angels and men are two distinct species of being. Angels are pure spirits, while men are made of spirit and matter—body and soul. The disembodied soul of a diseased human being can never become an angel, any more than a horse (or an ape) could become a man. The separated soul of a man always has the desire for union with the body which makes it complete in its species. This union will take place at the general judgment. Consequently, infants who die while in their baptismal innocence are not transformed into angels, nor can they be. Such expressions as "the little angel" when used about an infant are affectionate—not scientific.

Since angels are pure spirits there can be no question of sex among them. A true artist will try to represent angels as neutral in this regard, though it is true that a female likeness, unfortunately, is usually the result. When angels appeared in the world they assumed their bodies for the purpose of their mission, as the Archangel Raphael revealed to Tobias. (See Tobias 12:15-22.)

(3) St. Cornelius was pope from 251 A. D. to 253 A. D. He was born in Rome and received the crown of martyrdom at what is now called Civita Vecchia, Italy. He had scarcely been elected pope when Novatian, an heretical priest, set himself up as anti-pope. Cornelius gathered together sixty bishops at a synod in Italy and established himself as the legitimate pontiff. Through the aid of St. Cyprian and St. Dionysius he gained the support of the Church in Africa and the East. As pope he sanctioned St. Cyprian's mild measures for receiving again into communion with the faithful those who had apostatized in the persecution under Decius. His feast occurs on September 14.

#### MIRACLES AT LOURDES

*Please tell me just what the Church considers a miracle. Also a miracle as determined by the medical board at Lourdes. Is it possible for the cure of a nervous disorder to be considered a miracle? If a person could be cured of a disease by a surgical operation, but obtained a cure at Lourdes, would this be considered a miracle?*

MEDFORD, MASS.

H. G. H.

The Church follows St. Thomas in defining a miracle to be an external, sensible fact, which is outside the whole

order of created nature, and attributable only to the power of God. The miracles attested by the medical board at Lourdes follow this criterion.

The medical board at Lourdes is composed of Catholic and non-Catholic physicians and scientists. Some of them are known to have been hostile to the reported miracles wrought through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin at Lourdes. The usual procedure is for the one seeking a cure to go before the medical board, and present certificates from his physician, which detail the affliction under which he has been suffering, and the length of time. Then the patient is examined by the members of the board, and a record is made of the diagnosis. If he claims that he has been cured he is again examined. No decision is given immediately concerning the miraculous nature of the cure, unless it is beyond question. After a long period the patient must return for a third examination. If the cure is permanent, and inexplicable according to natural laws, it is admitted to be supernatural in character.

As a rule only organic diseases are considered. It is possible, of course, to be cured of a nervous disorder (for even nervous disorders are subject to God's power), but the medical board does not consider them.

If a patient could be cured of an organic disease by a surgical operation, but was restored to perfect health on a sudden by bathing in the grotto at Lourdes, this effect would undoubtedly be considered a miracle, for no natural explanation would suffice.

#### FEATURING THE CHURCH'S POSITION

*Are we to believe that featuring the Church's stand on the relations between Church and State, on education, divorce, etc., in the public press, is motivated by the desire to inflame the mind of the misinformed non-Catholics?*

SAN JOSE, CAL.

H. B. E.

Editorial comment may at times be defective and even offensive to Catholics. There will always be writers who seek popularity in the easiest way possible, and if this popularity can be attained by attacking the Church, and members of the Church, they will not disdain to use it. The Catholic Church always welcomes the truthful presentation of her teaching to the world. Public expression of the Church's position on the great questions of the day may offend those who are so unfortunate as not to be willing to understand them, but the unfavorable reaction from such quarters will not cause the Church to fear. Conscious of the truth of her position on all dogmatic and moral issues, the Church is most happy when that position is honestly presented. The daily press is becoming more and more impressed with the depth of pontifical utterances (as in the case of the recent encyclical on education), and is apparently anxious to give them space for their news value, if for no other reason.

#### A VALID MARRIAGE?

*Is a marriage performed in 1922 between a Catholic and an unbaptized person valid? When was such an impediment established?*

NEW LONDON, CONN.

L. B.

Such a marriage if celebrated in the presence of a priest is valid, as the presumption is that he obtained the necessary dispensations. If not celebrated before a priest it is invalid for two reasons, though a declaration to this effect must be obtained from the bishop of the diocese. Marriages between the baptized and the unbaptized have been unlawful from the times of the Apostles. Following them, the early Fathers and Councils of the Church unceasingly strove to prevent such unions because of the dangers to the faith of the baptized parties in marriages of this kind. It was between the seventh and the tenth centuries that such marriages, when contracted without the necessary dispensations, were considered as not only unlawful but also invalid.

**MATRIMONIAL TANGLE**

*May a divorced Protestant man marry a Catholic girl after his first wife, who became a Catholic, divorced him and married a Catholic outside the Church?*

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

N. N.

Judging from the fact that the converted wife of the Protestant was careful not to marry before a Catholic priest, which is required for the valid marriages of Catholics, the presumption is that the first marriage is valid. The Protestant man is, therefore, not free to marry a Catholic girl. In cases of this kind a more satisfactory answer may be obtained from the pastor, who will be able to obtain more details, and thus be in a better position to give an opinion.

**INDULGENCES OF ROSARY**

*Does the place where rosaries are blessed add to the indulgences? What indulgences are usually attached to the recitation of the rosary?*

THIEF RIVER FALLS, MINN.

C. F.

The place where rosaries are blessed has nothing to do with the indulgences. It is the blessing of the priest which attaches the indulgences. The power to do this is for special reasons reserved to certain priests, or groups of priests, and other priests may not bless rosaries with indulgences unless they have received the power to do so from one competent to delegate it to them. The indulgences usually attached to the rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary are the Apostolic, the Dominican, the Crozier, and the Bridgettine indulgences. The indulgences of the Stations of the Cross and that of a Happy Death may be attached to the crucifix of the rosary by priests with this power, provided the crucifix is of solid material, and the figure of Christ is attached to the cross, not merely impressed in it.

**IS HE FREE TO MARRY?**

*One who was baptized a Catholic but never made his first Holy Communion married a Protestant girl before a civil magistrate. Now he is keeping company with a Catholic girl and wishes to get a civil divorce so that he can marry her. Is he free?*

LOUISVILLE, KY.

M. M. F.

The freedom of this man to marry can only be decided by the diocesan matrimonial court. Until its decision is given the young man is not free to keep company with the girl.

**BARGAINING WITH GOD**

*Is it not bargaining with God to make a promise to do something if God grants the petition for which we pray? Do not proper dispositions count independently of any promises which we make?*

DIGHTON, MASS.

L. P.

It cannot be denied that proper dispositions count most with God when we pray. Unless we are properly disposed our prayers will be more or less displeasing to God. Whether promising to do something if the favor is granted is a form of bargaining with God depends on the disposition of the petitioner. In spite of promises of this kind one can be perfectly resigned to God's will as to the fitness of the favor we ask. Moreover such promises may even increase the perfection of our dispositions in so far as they will be a form of gratitude to God, which of course is always pleasing to Him. Promises of publication will often inspire confidence in others to pray for things which they need, and lead some to join in thanking God. All this manifestly increases the greater honor and glory of God, which is principally sought by Him when He grants our prayers. Promises made with the proper motive and due dispositions will not interfere with the perfection of our prayers.

**CHRISTIAN BURIAL FOR SUICIDES**

*May a suicide receive Christian burial? A friend says that the Church has no right to exclude suicides from this last benefit.*

CARRICK, PA.

M. T.

The law of the Church in this matter reads as follows: "Unless signs of repentance are given before death those who deliberately kill themselves are to be deprived of ecclesiastical burial. If there is any doubt in regard to the suicide or the circumstances in which it happens, the local bishop is to be consulted, and if the doubt cannot be solved the body is to be given ecclesiastical burial, provided scandal is avoided."

According to the above prohibition there must be deliberation in the suicidal act. This implies the full use of one's faculties at the moment when the act is committed. In other words there must be enough deliberation to constitute a mortal sin in violation of the Fifth Commandment—"thou shalt not kill." On this point alone many doubts can arise, especially in cases of despondency and the like. Moreover, if the suicide gives signs of true repentance, even after having had perfect deliberation, he is not to be deprived of ecclesiastical burial. This could happen in the case of one who has taken poison from which he later dies. If there is any doubt concerning any of these factors the bishop will solve the doubt in favor of the suicide.

The right of the Church to make this prohibition is based on the power given to the Church by Christ. Every society has the authority to pass those laws or regulations which the welfare of the organization demands. It would be highly improper to give a suicide an ecclesiastical burial after having broken a grave command of God in the very act of passing out of this life.

**DOUBTFUL SINS**

*Must a person confess as a sin something which was committed when in doubt, when he found out later that what he did was really a sin?*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

N. N.

In order to act morally one is obliged to have what is called a certain conscience; that is, a person should be sure whether the act to be performed is morally good or bad. If a person acts with a doubtful conscience he incurs the guilt of the sin about which he was doubtful, even though he finds out afterwards that the act was good in itself. By placing the act with a doubtful conscience he implicitly willed to contract the guilt, if there was any. Therefore acts committed with such a doubt should be told in confession.

**THE K. OF C. OATH**

*Will you please publish the real Knights of Columbus oath?*

REDFORD, N. Y.

C. G.

The oath of the Knights of Columbus is in reality not an oath, but a pledge. Here it is: "I swear to support the Constitution of the United States. I pledge myself, as a Catholic citizen and Knight of Columbus, to enlighten myself fully upon my duties as a citizen, and to conscientiously perform such duties entirely in the interest of my country, regardless of all personal consequences. I pledge myself to do all in my power to preserve the purity and integrity of the ballot, and to promote reverence and respect for law and order. I promise to practise my religion openly and consistently, but without ostentation, and so conduct myself in public affairs and in the exercise of public virtue, as to reflect nothing but credit upon our Holy Church, to the end that she may flourish, and our country prosper to the greater honor and glory of God." This is the oath upon which so many false changes have been rung by unscrupulous men, but happily the Order has bestirred itself to invoke the law in several cases against the slanderers.

### ABOUT THE SAINTS

(1) *Is there a Saint Ruth?*—R. H., TITUSVILLE, PA. (2) *Will you please let me know if Iona and Olebia are names of Saints?*—M. B., LOWELLVILLE, O. (3) *If there is a Saint Winifred will you please tell me something about her?*—W. G. (4) *Was there ever a Saint named Richard?*—W. B., BOONVILLE, IND.

(1 and 2) We cannot find mention of Ruth, Iona and Olebia among the Christian saints.

(3) St. Winifred (sometimes spelled Winefride and Wenefreda) is the patron saint of North Wales. She was born sometime in the 7th century. Together with other pious maidens she served God under the direction of St. Beuno, though it is not known for certain whether she formally embraced the life of a nun. She suffered death at the hands of the tyrant Caradoc, at the place since called Holywell, because of the many miracles which even in our own day bear witness to the sanctity of St. Winifred. The Medieval legend that St. Winifred was raised again to life through the prayer of St. Bueno, and for many years presided over a convent of nuns, would be all the more interesting if it were true. Her feast is celebrated on November 3rd.

(4) St. Richard was born in the 13th century, near Worcester, England. He distinguished himself from early youth by his piety and knowledge. After having completed his course of study at the Universities of Paris and Bologna he returned to England and was made Chancellor of the University of Oxford. St. Richard was a devoted friend of St. Edmund of Canterbury, and was chosen by him to be his chief counsellor. When St. Edmund was exiled St. Richard accompanied him. Richard was consecrated Bishop of Chichester in A. D. 1245. As bishop he bravely defended the rights of the Holy See against royal usurpation, but he was chiefly conspicuous for his devotedness to his flock and to the needs of the poor. He died at Dover in 1253, and was canonized nine years later. Feast April 3.

### MISCEGENATION

*What is the Church's attitude toward the marriage of a white person with a colored person?*  
NEW LONDON, CONN.

G. M.

The Church vindicates the right of all to marry, who are not forbidden by law. There is no law of the Church forbidding marriage between a white and a colored person. This does not mean that the Church encourages marriages of this kind. Such matters she wisely leaves to each one's sense of the fitness of things.

### PLAYS FOR CHILDREN

*Could you tell me where I may obtain one- or two-act plays of a moral character for boys between ages of eight and twelve, but not too Catholic in tone?*  
M. M.

Write to Samuel French, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, and Ames Publishing Co., Clyde, O.

### IRRELIGION IN MODERN PERIODICALS

*In their search for something to make up for the lack of religion in modern education many writers are to be found expressing dissatisfaction with existing forms of belief, going so far as to say that they must be changed to suit the temper of modern civilization. What should be a Catholic's attitude towards these views?*  
CARBONDALE, PA.

N. N.

In the first place it is to be noted that while writers of this type can fill pages with criticism of what they consider to be the teachings of religion, they are not so successful in supplying a system that will be acceptable to the intellect and heart of man. Secondly, not only Catholics,

but all men as well, are not free to choose the way in which they will worship God, or the religious truths which they are willing to believe.

The very fact that God is the Creator and Lord of the world, and that man is a creature subject in all things to the will of God, necessitates obedience to God when man knows His sovereign will. We know that the only true religion, the religion which God wishes all men to believe in and to practise, is that which the Catholic Church teaches. It can be demonstrated that Catholicism is the only true religion, and inasmuch as it is true, it need never be changed. Otherwise we would have to maintain change in God, which is impossible ("in whom there is no change, nor shadow of alteration"), or else that all those who have gone before us in the Faith were not pleasing to God, which conclusion is repulsive to our concept of the goodness of God. The religion which was true in the first century is true in the twentieth, and will be true forever.

### WANTS TO SERVE GOD IN RELIGION

*I am single woman of fifty years, all alone in the world. I am anxious to devote the rest of my life to the service of God in taking care of the sick or the aged in some religious community. Do you know of any such community?*  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

R. C.

Would advise that you communicate with Reverend Mother Boniface, Holy Trinity, Alabama.

### RENUNCING ONE'S NATIVE LAND

*I am about to become a citizen of this country. I like the country and respect it. But I find difficulty in taking an oath to renounce my country. In fact, if I did promise to do so, I feel that I could not keep my promise. If I were an American living in a foreign country I should feel the very same. Consequently if I take the oath in these circumstances I will consider myself a hypocrite. I do not want to say yes when I mean no. Please give me your clear and definite answer.*  
BRONX, N. Y.

D. H.

Your worry is without foundation. What is required is that you renounce *all political allegiance* to all foreign civil governments as the price of American citizenship. This does not mean that you must forego all love and friendly association with the country of your origin, but that you shall subject yourself in civil matters to the constituted authority of the United States of America, with all that that implies. In civil matters no man can serve two masters; that is, two contradictory masters—which would be the case if you tried to be subject to both the country of your birth and that of your adoption. Becoming a citizen of the United States is a great privilege which must be properly appreciated. In return for the benefits of that citizenship you must be willing to share the common burdens, and in the event of war you must be found on the side of the country which adopted you, even though that war might be with the country of your origin. If you are not of this mind honesty dictates that you should abandon all effort to enroll yourself among American citizens.

### REMAILING CATHOLIC MAGAZINES

*I have many Catholic magazines which I would like to send to someone who would be able to use them. Could you tell me where to send them?*  
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

J. K. L.

Mr. James G. Mehegan, Box 604, Kinston, N. C., and Rev. Albert Muthumalai, S.J., Sacred Heart College, Shembaganur, Madura Dt., India, have written to us asking for Catholic magazines. They would be glad to receive whatever our readers are willing to send them.

## PRIVATE REPLIES

To M. S. E.—It is difficult to answer your question with satisfaction. Whether or not such a woman might be received into a religious community depends upon circumstances which you do not mention in your letter. Better ask your confessor.

## THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

A. H., CHICAGO, ILL.; J. B., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; J. G., MONTCLAIR, N. J.; J. W. F., CINCINNATI, O.; M. B. C., CHICAGO, ILL.; A. D., EAU CLAIRE, WIS.; S. R. F., ELGIN, ONT.; K. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; G. E. B., JERSEY CITY, N. J.; E. W. R., NEWARK, N. J.; A. F., NEW BRITAIN, CONN.; M. M. H., WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS.; C. R. C., NEWARK, N. J.; E. A. S., TERRE HAUTE, IND.; M. M., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; E. A. M., CHARLESTOWN, MASS.; A. S., NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.; M. D. McC., —; T. C. J., DORCHESTER, MASS.; J. P., RIDGEWOOD, N. J.; M. M. M., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; A. M., NEW ALBANY, IND.; N. N., NEWARK, N. J.; P. F. D., PITTSBURGH, PA.; J. L., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.; K. V. F., NEW YORK, N. Y.; M. F. K., CHICAGO, ILL.; G. W., DUNKIRK, N. Y.; N. N., BROOKLINE, MASS.; C. F. H., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.; B. M., —; K. E. O'B., NEWBURGH, N. Y.; C. F. H., BUFFALO, N. Y.; M. E. D., WAYLAND, MASS.; C. C. HAWTHORNE, CAL.; M. A. F., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; J. D., —; D. L. R., DAYTON, O.; A. Q., BRISTOL, CONN.; K. C. M., NORWICH, CONN.; H. L., CHARLESTOWN, MASS.; D. C., CLEVELAND, O.; A. F., AMITYVILLE, N. Y.; E. M. W., BEVERLY, MASS.; A. L., MEDFORD, MASS.; S. M. O., CASTLE SHANNON, PA.; M. E. G., BOSTON, MASS.; H. C. DUNKIRK, N. Y.; W. A. C., BOSTON, MASS.; M. McC., —; P. J. P., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; EIGHTH GRADE, PADUCAH, KY.; J. S. G., ST. LOUIS, MO.; B. W., PITTSBURGH, PA.; F. B. C., LOS GATOS, CAL.; K. H., MILWAUKEE, WIS.; J. D. H., FOREST HILLS, MASS.; M. C. O'B., HARTFORD, CONN.; M. L. H., SOMERVILLE, MASS.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that THE SIGN has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10 cents each or 15 for \$1.00.

## Communications

## PAPAL AbdICATION

## EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the June issue of THE SIGN I read with no little surprise that Pope John XXII resigned the papacy. To check up this statement I read the Catholic Encyclopedia, article "Abdication." There mention is made of the resignations of Benedict IX, Gregory VI, Celestine V, and Gregory XII. The statement in THE SIGN POST mentions Gregory XII, Celestine V, and John XXII. May I ask you to favor me with proof that John XXII resigned the papacy?

DUNKIRK, N. Y.

JOSEPH MAYR.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—The main point in answer to the question referred to was whether a Pope could resign and if any Popes ever did resign. Both questions were answered in the affirmative. Mentioning the names of those who did

resign was a minor matter. In stating that John XXII resigned we were quoting from the Official Catholic Directory. The following letter throws further light on the subject.

## EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In your June issue, in replying to a question in THE SIGN POST regarding the resignation of a pope, it was stated that among others "Pope John XXII resigned in 1415." This is somewhat in error, I believe. Pope John XXII, the second pope of the Avignon period, ruled from 1316 until his death in 1334. But John XXIII, an anti-pope of the party established by the Council of Pisa at the time of the great Papal Schism, was deposed by the Council of Constance in 1415.

The latter council was called for the purpose of healing the schism, and had at least the tacit consent of the two anti-popes. Full authority was given it by the rightful Pope, Gregory XII. Gregory resigned. The Council then proceeded to depose the anti-popes, John XXIII and Benedict XIII, both of whom finally accepted the decision of the Council. The schism was healed two years later by the election of Martin V. (Cf. "History of the Popes," Pastor, vol. 1.)

ROME, ITALY.

AMERICAN.

## FURTHER COMMENT ON CATHOLIC HOUR

## EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I was very much surprised at Mr. Plunkett's criticism of the Catholic Radio Hour. He seems to show his own deficiency in education and mentality. So far I have always been of the opinion that the Catholic Radio Hour on Station W L W L was one of the finest and noblest in New York and vicinity, with its able and interesting speakers on so many different topics, and with its exquisite programmes, vocal and musical. Just two months ago I sent a letter of commendation to that station, encouraging the Paulist Fathers in their wonderful work. They thanked me and told me that they would keep my letter on file.

It seems to me that Mr. Plunkett would rather listen to an orator of the Billy Sunday sort, forgetting that a Catholic radio station must be of a dignified character. I am a foreigner, with only a four month's evening school course in English. But I can easily follow any speaker of said station, no matter how high or how deep he may go into a subject. Never did I find fault with any of them. On the contrary, I think that only the most able talkers are chosen for that purpose. Indeed it is a great privilege and delight for me to listen to them.

The trouble with most people is that they see and don't see, hear and don't hear, because they have never tried to develop their mental faculty by logical thinking. It is by such thinking only that we are able to digest and assimilate what we see or hear, or what is going on in the world. More brain acrobatics and less sport craze is what people need nowadays.

Long live Station W L W L and the Paulist League!

HAWTHORNE, N. J.

G. BOBENRIETHER.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—Mr. Plunkett's criticism was concerned with the Catholic Radio Hour, not Station W L W L.

## PARISH VISITORS OF MARY IMMACULATE

## EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

So many times in your magazine I have noticed inquiries about joining religious orders engaged in missionary work. The Order of Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate at 328 West 78th Street is one of the most wonderful aids which the Church has. Their work is in our own parishes, where there are so many who are Catholics in name only, and

who would be better Catholics were they to realize the gift of being a Catholic. They grow careless, perhaps intermarry, and get away from the Church, not knowing how to return to the Sacraments. These women have done marvelous work unknown to anyone but the parish priest. Mother Tallon, the Superior, will be glad to furnish details of the work of the community.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

KATHERINE H. BARTON.

#### LOOKING FOR RECRUITS?

##### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Boston should be very proud of Mr. Joyce, the writer of "Retreats and The Lay Apostolate." His article filled me with a desire to aid in the work of saving souls as the lay people of England are doing.

The Catholic Truth Guild of Boston is a great organization and I have heard Mr. Goldstein and Mrs. Avery speak in my home city. However, I did not know that any other Catholic was welcome to do his or her share as Mr. Joyce tells us in his letter.

I know several young women, graduates of Catholic High Schools, who would, I believe, be willing to give their time and energy to help spread the Faith. Of course being young, they are not very experienced, but they would be willing to take any course of study necessary.

Will Mr. Joyce tell us if the Guild is looking for recruits?

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

A. R.

#### KINDNESS—THE SOLUTION

##### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

THE SIGN, July issue, page 737, has a very refreshing essay by Rev. Francis Shea, C.P., headed "The Kindness of God Our Savior," which should be read and re-read. This practice of kindness on the part of the God-man should be oftener discussed from the pulpit, in schools and in the press, particularly in these days when there is so much unkindness, hatred, envy, and jealousy in the world. Kindness is the crying need of the day. Kindness in our homes, kindness among neighbors, kindness among church members, rich or poor, kindness between pastors and their flocks. Cardinal Newman had the spirit of Christ when he said, "The mark of a true gentleman is not to cause pain." What a different world this would be if kindness were universally practiced. Could wars occur in a kind world, free from rudeness and brutality?

DENTON, TEXAS.

(Rev.) RAYMOND VERNIMONT.

#### THE APOSTOLATE OF SUFFERING

##### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The reading of the above title may cause many a smile to spread over the face of the sick and afflicted. They will say, "How can we, who are unable to leave the house, are confined to the room or even the bed, and require the services of others, how can we be apostles?"

I answer, by the patient bearing and offering of all your pains and sufferings in union with the sufferings your Divine Master endured for our salvation. St. Thérèse says that more souls are saved by suffering than by preaching. She spent a large part of her cloistered life in the infirmary, a victim of tuberculosis, offering to God acts of love, prayer and sacrifice for the success of the missionaries in foreign countries. Her zeal for souls urged her to seek on all occasions a source of gaining graces and merits for them.

To be an apostle is a great privilege! Think what it means to work in spirit at the side of a priest of God, to assist him in the greatest of all works—the salvation of

souls. Is it not a beautiful vocation given to the sick? No longer need you feel useless in this world or consider yourself only a burden to those around you.

In order that your sufferings may be of greater efficacy by being united to the sufferings of others, you are invited to join the "Apostolate of Suffering."

Object. The object of the Apostolate of Suffering is to unite all the sick, infirm, crippled and defective—priests, religious and lay people—into one large family, where the example of one will encourage the other; that by their combined sufferings offered for the intentions of the Apostolate they may help to spread the kingdom of Christ on earth.

Aim. The Apostolate aims to bring spiritual sunshine into the lives of its members; to instill into their hearts a love for suffering and a filial abandonment to God's Holy Will. Through the little paper, "Our Good Samaritan," sent to them gratis four times a year, they are kept in touch with the progress of the Apostolate and are given such reading and prayers that will promote their spiritual welfare.

Dues. Membership dues are only 25 cents a year, or \$1.00 for four years. Each member receives a certificate containing the daily offering.

Spiritual Benefits. Eight Holy Masses are offered for the members each month, and one on sixteen special feasts during the year. A "Memento" in the daily Holy Mass of the Spiritual Director and forty other priests. A share in the various Novenas held during the year.

The Apostolate received the Approbation of the Rev. Sebastian G. Messmer, Archbishop of Milwaukee, on October 4, 1926. The V. Rev. Dr. A. J. Muench, Rector of St. Francis' Seminary, St. Francis, Wis., is the Spiritual Director.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

CLARA M. TIRY.

#### CONCERNING OUTLINES

##### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Once upon a time, a certain novelist by name of H. G. Wells took it into his head to write an outline of history in general. As Macaulay says, "History begins as a novel and ends as an essay." Needless to say Mr. Wells did excellently the "novel" part of his history. After Mr. Wells had paved the way for outlines, other branches of knowledge were soon "outlined" by other writers. Thus a rabbi outlined religion; an English agnostic outlined science; an apostate Catholic outlined philosophy. Art, Music and Literature were similarly outlined. Finally things were climaxed by a free lance writer who outlined all knowledge in one volume.

These outlines proved to be good investments for publishers, for a large portion of the reading public eagerly bought them. Now the writer disavows any intention of conveying the idea that he believes that all knowledge or a part of knowledge can be satisfactorily condensed in a volume. Yet these outlines with all their faults helped many people to coordinate their knowledge. Not one of the popular outlines was written by a Catholic writer. True, some will say there are outlines by Catholics published for years, such as Turner's "Philosophy" or Betten's "Ancient History," which, coupled with Dr. Weber's two volumes of "History of Christian Era" are far better outlines of history than Wells', but these are all written in text-book formality rather than a popular style.

I honestly believe that if a few Catholic writers of worth had taken the initiative in this "outline" craze, it would have been unnecessary for Mr. Belloc to rush forth with a companion volume to Wells' history, correcting the woeful errors and lack of scholarship displayed in that momentous volume. Furthermore, the alarm displayed by a few Catholic editors over some of the flagrantly jackeded books in the corner drug stores would be dispelled.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

J. H. MEREDITH.



## The BARGAINER from KERIOTH

By Daniel B. Pulsford : : : : : Illustrations  
By W. Rhodes

**D**ESPITE their share in the Crucifixion of Christ, Caiaphas the High Priest, King Herod, and Pontius Pilate remain human beings. However much we abhor their deed, they are still flesh and blood, men of like passions with ourselves.

This cannot be said of Judas. It is of the very nature of his sin that it dehumanizes him in our eyes. For this reason he is a moral enigma. We can at least understand the motives which moved the High Priest, the Procurator and the Tetrarch.

But the man who was capable of kissing Christ's tear-stained cheek, knowing that he thereby delivered Him to a cruel death, is beyond our comprehension. He moves in a realm outside ordinary human passions.

For we must not imagine that Judas was actuated by any thought of revenge, that he was venting in this way his disappointment at Jesus' failure. Still less should we endorse the fantastic theory that he hoped to bring about a crisis in which Our Lord's supernatural powers would be manifested. He was too cold-blooded for these things.

You have to think of him as wholly and solely a huckster. What he could make out of the situation was his dominating problem. He was a trafficker, a bargainer, a buyer and seller of whatever could be bought and sold. Only by thinking of him as such does his story become consistent.

It helps us to remember that he

made money out of Jesus' friends before he made it out of His enemies. He kept the purse. That is to say he was the recipient of the offerings wherewith rich and poor testified their devotion to the Master. You may be sure that he did not fail to note the bulging bag after some specially notable miracle or to observe how a certain discourse stimulated generosity.

Both miracle and discourse would come to be estimated by the returns they provoked. His was the Treasurer's point of view. While others were going away to think quietly over what they had heard and seen, revolving in their hearts the deep thoughts stirred by the Prophet, Judas would be counting the gifts received. A man occupying that office would tend to reckon the enthusiasm of the crowd in shekels. Signs of contrition, exclamations of wonder, tears and smiles of gratitude would induce speculation as to the monetary result of this stirring of hearts.

The truth proclaimed would seem of less importance than its financial results. Nor would it be surprising if Judas used his position to gain personal favors from those anxious to obtain some benefit from his Master. What more natural than that wealthy members of the community should fee the servant in hopes of gaining an audience sooner than they otherwise could with the Prophet, and who more likely to intercept such bribes than the man who subsequent-

ly played the part of the traitor?

These are only suppositions but they fall in with what we know of Judas and they make it easier to understand how he became capable of the final infamy. He began, I suggest, by taking money from Jesus' friends. He learned in that way to look upon Our Lord as one whose services and whose very Person were to be bought and sold. To regard himself, in course of time, as having a proprietary right in the Teacher would not be, under the circumstances and for such a man, difficult. And this means detachment from the real, spiritual significance and intrinsic qualities of the Person concerned compared with, if the expression may be allowed, His market value.

We may see the same state of mind in those money changers and vendors of cattle and sheep whom Our Lord drove from the Temple. The original purpose of the Temple has ceased to interest them. The piety of the worshipper, the anxiety of the studious to sit at the feet of learned Rabbis the human interest of the numerous pilgrimages composed largely of poor, peasant folk from a distance, all this came to matter less than nothing to those for whom the place had come to be a source of constant profit.

**T**HE anger which the Son of God displayed against these sacrilegious parasites gives us some idea of the bitterness He must have experienced when one of His own dis-

ciples exhibited the same traits. It was one thing to cleanse the Temple of traffickers, it was another thing to expel the arch-trafficker from His own following.

JUDAS no doubt witnessed the scene within the sacred edifice. He was aware of the wrath kindled by the hucksters who bartered sacred privileges. He saw their ill-gotten gains spinning on the floor.

Yet it did not prevent his perpetrating a far greater wrong. So dead

the previous case. Those enemies' hatred, fear, bigoted zeal were matters of indifference to Judas, just as had been the loving reverence of the crowds who followed the Nazarene.

Judas stood aloof from both parties, ready to profit from either as occasion might demand. That is his distinction, the peculiar stamp of his infamy. He was inflamed with the passion neither of the enthusiastic mob nor of the hierarchy. He was merely the merchant prepared to supply what the market demanded.

a Leader, I am sure Judas swept all this on one side. He was no sentimentalist. The temper that goes to the creating of religious controversy was outside his experience.

"Come let us get to business," you can hear him say, interrupting Caiphas' flow of heated argument, "How much will you give?"

He was as ready to exploit sin as he was ready to exploit divine holiness. He was one of those men who live by making money out of their fellows' weaknesses — weaknesses



had his conscience become that, on the cheek which had blazed with anger at the commercial profanation of the Temple, he could print the kiss which was like the brand placed as a means of identification on property to be sold.

From selling Christ to His friends it was an easy step to sell Him to His enemies. We may presume here the same detachment as we saw in

He was at the service of the highest bidder.

Cold-bloodedly he goes to Caiphas and bargains with him. It is just a matter of business. If the High Priest attempted the pose of outraged orthodoxy, if he talked in pious phrases as to the necessity of safeguarding the public against mischievous agitators, if he congratulated the traitor on abandoning so dangerous

**A**ND he that betrayed Him had given them a sign, saying: Whomsoever I shall kiss, that is He; lay hold on Him and lead Him away carefully. And when he was come, immediately going up to Him, he saith: Hail, Rabbi; and he kissed Him.—St. Mark.

which they themselves do not share. Is that type difficult to understand? It should not be. It is sufficiently familiar.

The man who sells drugs to addicts is not himself an addict. Their cravings interest him only as indicating possible customers. The right and wrong of doping is, he declares, none of his business. "If people want dope, it's up to me to provide it," he says.

Similarly, the man who publishes pornographic literature or who exhibits films of that character is not necessarily fond of that sort of thing. Personally he may be, in matters of taste, a purist. He may wonder what people find in the books or pictures it is his business to give them. All the time he is poisoning their minds he may be laughing up his sleeve at the folly which allows them to swallow it.

There is a type of man who stands apart from our human quarrels, our newspaper feuds, the passionate loyalties which, from time to time, stir our hearts. But his detachment is no noble thing. There is a supercilious sneer on his face as he listens to our heated dialectics. These passions of ours are things which he can and will exploit for his own profit.

**D**OES "a big diplomatic incident" threaten war? He is watching, ready to provide munitions to either side or to both. He is cosmopolitan. National conflicts leave him cold, except for the fact that they give him a market for his death-dealing wares. What does he care whom his shells kill? A hotly contested Election

gives him a fine opportunity. He has newspapers in both camps. Controlled by the same syndicate, they keep up the public interest and inflame public opinion by staging a newspaper controversy, thereby sending up the circulation of all the papers involved. It is "heads I win, tails you lose," for, be the Election result what it may be, the Detached Cynic makes his profits.

He has no nationality, no politics, no moral principles, no religious creed. He is outside all that, dehumanized, a financially interested spectator. The handling of money encourages this temper. Coins are impartial. They bear no traces of the hands through which they have come to us. The same shekels may be the price of a vineyard or of One to whom we owe eternal allegiance.

Money and the other media used by the financier enable him to purchase and dispose of goods he never sees. It tends to deaden our sense of actual values. Translated into dollars, farms, mines, factories, wage-earners, investors lose their distinctive characteristics. Shekels, francs, pounds, dollars are neutral and men who handle them much, men who deal in coins and Notes rather than in actual things are in danger of becoming similarly neutral and of failing eventually to distinguish between even Heaven and Hell when they are both represented by the same means of exchange.

**I**T is the chief curse of our commercial age that it is breeding this type of man in great numbers—men without respect for our ancient loyalties, men who have been rendered insensitive to our ordinary human passions, and cynically impartial even in the eternal controversy between Right and Wrong.

Yet that impartiality is deceptive. There is an ultimate Controversy in which impartiality becomes a sin. The man who persists in an inhuman detachment will find himself at last a despised agent of those who seek to crucify God. "He that is not with Me is against Me."

It is along this downward path I see Judas moving to his doom. He begins with minor criticisms. The discourse concerning eating the Flesh and drinking the Blood of the Son of Man strikes him as extravagant. The enthusiastic devotion of a reclaimed woman breaking costly perfumes over her Savior's head calls for his protest. Peter's impulsive declarations of fidelity drive him to

the other extreme. He will be no inflamed partisan. But, all the time, he is the fiercest of partisans—he belongs to the party of Judas. His blood has been chilled by egotism but this egotism becomes itself a passion. Negative in appearance, in reality he is an ardent supporter of Number One.

**J**UDAS was debased by money. In turn, he debased the coinage he used. Commerce has never quite cleared itself of the stain left by Iscariot. Ever since the day when the thirty pieces of silver jingled in Judas's bag the sound of coins has had, for sensitive ears, a certain sinister sound. It is impossible, since one of the Twelve sold his Master, to view the business of buying and selling without feeling instinctively its moral dangers. What St. James calls "the root of all evil" has suffered in reputation almost irreparably. It will take much heroic poverty suffered for Christ's sake to redeem money from the curse with which Judas endowed it.

And how terribly, too, did he debase the coinage of affection! That

kiss wherewith he betrayed his Lord has lowered the value of all kisses. Henceforth they must be more or less suspect. Never again, since there is a Judas in the best of us, can these demonstrations of human loyalty and affection escape a certain suggestion of falsity. It is a terrible thing to have debased this tenderest, most intimate token of love, to have impoverished the language by which friend speaks to friend and disciple pledges faith to his Master.

**Y**E甫 Judas is not without value for us. If we would watch the petrifying effect which money may have on the heart we cannot do better than study his character. And when we do so, it may be as well to compare the process with that which went on in Judas' fellow-disciple. Simon at first, was too unstable, too liable to be swept by gusts of feeling; in a sense, he was too human. His Lord, however, promised that he should become *petrified* and, in token of that promise, called him by the name that stands for unshakable fidelity and is today the symbol of His immovable Church.



## Apostleship of the Sea

By G. BARRY LANE

**I**HAD just come up from the West Indies. The S.S. San Lorenzo had landed me at the Porto Rico's Line's Wharf in Brooklyn. Being en route to Liverpool, England, and with five days on my hands before sailing again I thought I would spend some of the time strolling through this great waterfront section. The neighborhood seemed rather poor, and the people appeared to be mostly of foreign extraction. The names over the shops were Spanish, Portuguese, Italian and Syrian. The peoples of these various countries grouped themselves into separate colonies.

It was while I window-shopped in this fashion that I came across one store front which held me wondering. On the window I read "The Apostleship of the Sea for Seamen." I had never seen this title before, and I was curious. Inside the window there were two statues, one of the

Sacred Heart, the other of our Lady. I knew from this that it must be a Catholic establishment. I was not a seaman, but I was a Catholic. So I entered to learn more about the title on the window.

Inside the door I found myself in a library or reading room, where I was greeted by a young man, who made me welcome. I told him I was a visitor just dropping in, and he inquired if I were a seaman. I told him that I was not, but that the name on the window had attracted me, and that I was anxious to know something about the organization.

He took me into the next room where some sailors were playing a game of chess. This was a neatly furnished room with eight small tables around the walls and a billiard table in the center. My guide then opened another door and led me into a pretty little chapel where the tabernacle lamp told me of the presence

of the Blessed Sacrament. I was amazed. Here in this section of waterfront, and boats, and shopping, was a real new work, new to me, a kind of a mission house or combination sailors' home-and-chapel.

We knelt for a few moments in prayer, and then returned to the reading room where we sat and chatted. I discovered that the Apostleship of the Sea was an International Seamen's Organization with headquarters in London, and having as its President no less a dignitary than the Most Reverend Archbishop of Glasgow. These Centres, I was told, were to be found in practically all the great seaports of the world. They served that vast army of sea-faring men who handle the passenger ships, and freighters, and tankers, and so on.

To these men the Centres of the Apostleship of the Sea were recreation places where they could pass away the time while in port. There were no fees to be paid and they were entertained gratis. They could read, or write, or play games while on shore, and, added to this, was the great spiritual advantage of being able to meet a priest. The Director of a Centre is usually a priest.

**H**ERE in this modest Brooklyn store there were two Auxiliary Brothers in charge, men who had given their lives for this noble cause of religion. The young man who had welcomed me was one of them, a Brother Leo by name. They lived upstairs over the store. Brother Leo brought me up to their quarters, and there I met Brother Julius, who took care of the domestic side of the house. Both wonderful men, whose very faces made one happy, and whose smiles told one at once of their own contentedness in this unique work for souls. Once a week their Father Director came for Mass, Benediction, and an instruction. They taught the seamen their prayers, and the catechism, and so had them ready for the Father. They supplied them, too, with prayerbooks, rosaries, scapulars, and good pamphlets for their use on the high seas.

A very fine system runs throughout the whole work. When a seaman comes in, he presents his Blue Seaman's Travel Card. This is signed by the priest or Brother in charge, who also marks the port and the date. He can tell from the preceding signature just when and where this sailor last visited an Apostleship of the Sea Centre. On the opposite side

of this card the sailor finds the list of ports where Centres are to be found with the address of each. He finds also the daily prayers he is expected to say: Our Father, Hail Mary, Our Lady Star of the Sea, pray for us; St. Peter, pray for us; St. Andrew, pray for us.

**W**HEN I was leaving this Center, the good Brother gave me a pamphlet relating to the work, which I read on my way across to Liverpool. From this I learned that the

members, whether ashore or afloat, are apostles banded together to promote the greater glory of God and to kindle and increase devotion to our Divine Lord among all classes of seafarers. Active work on behalf of seafarers, the provision of clubs and institutes; ship visiting; the distribution of good literature—these are undertaken as means to an end.

The foundations of this now world-wide Apostleship were laid as long ago as 1891, when two promoters of the Apostleship of Prayer, Miss Mary Scott-Murray and Miss Margaret Stewart, began the work of providing Catholic reading-matter for the ships of the Royal Navy. This led to the enrolment of many hundreds of sailors in the Apostleship of Prayer, and in 1893, permission was obtained by Father Dignam, S.J., for the formation of a special "Seamen's Branch" which was to be known as the "Apostleship of the Sea."

**T**HE even greater neglect of the men of the mercantile marine and deep sea fishermen began to be realized; zealous workers such as Father Goldie, S.J., Count Moore, Mr. Lister Drummond, The Hon. Mrs. Fraser, The Count de Torre Diaz and members of the S.V.P. Society in Great Britain, united together to deal with this difficult problem. In 1893 were opened the Catholic Seamen's Institutes in London and Montreal. Others followed.

Shortly after this, a great impetus was given to this movement by the enthusiastic promotion of the "Seamen's Branch of the Apostleship of Prayer" (The Apostleship of the Sea) by Father Egger, S.J. and his band of lay-workers in Glasgow, who were the first to organize any definite system of ship-visiting for Catholic merchant seamen. They prepared the way for the reorganization of active work for seafarers in Glasgow, after the Great War, and the foundation of the Apostleship of the Sea as a distinct organization in 1920. The tradition and spirit which animated this pre-war work for seafarers, are those of the Apostleship of the Sea today.

Only ten years have elapsed since the real start of this great work. How much can be done in the next decade? Who can say. But from what I saw in Brooklyn, I would safely wager that many great things will show up when the Apostleship of the Sea renders its twentieth annual report ten years hence.

#### EDITOR'S NOTE

**T**HE work of the Apostleship of the Sea in Brooklyn is now in its infancy and will require the right sort of men to develop it. In a certain sense this new Catholic endeavor is quite unique in that it doesn't need money. But it does need men who will consecrate themselves to an exceptionally important work. We have in this country a large number of devoted and zealous Catholic men who are anxious to do some special work for God and souls. Here is an opportunity for some of them. I am writing this in the hope that the work may be brought to their attention. The conditions required in applicants to the Apostleship are that they be single, without dependents, have a fair education and a keen desire to enter upon this special vocation. Those interested should write to the

Rev. Father Director,  
Apostolate of the Sea,  
189 Columbia Street,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Apostleship of the Sea is primarily a league of prayer and zeal; a union of priests, Religious and layfolk, to advance the Kingdom of Christ among those "who go down to the sea in ships doing business in great waters" (*Psalm 106*), or, in other words, the spiritual welfare of seafarers.

It is called Apostleship because its

# Shylock and Internationalism



*I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.*—MERCHANT OF VENICE.

By G. K. Chesterton

**I**N A spirit of penitence, I ask myself why it is that I am irritated by everybody talking about Internationalism. Internationalism is all right really, of course; its name implies nationalism. As a common Christian creature, I naturally wish to be friendly with foreigners; and I am fairly friendly with a good many foreigners, whom some internationalists will not look at.

But I think there is really something wrong with the way in which the idea is recommended; and I think I realized what was wrong with it during my visit to Rome; when I was suddenly visited by a Negro, a small yellow Japanese and a tall and genial Englishman, all wearing black gowns with red sashes. They took me away to lunch at what is called the College of Propaganda; and as I watched them eating and talking, a vague explanation came into my mind.

The new era of universal peace and international brotherhood, being organized by Shylock for the convenience of his present commercial control, does in practice exactly correspond to the description of such brotherhood given by Shylock in Shakespeare: "We will buy with you, sell with you, walk with you, talk with you, and so following; but we will not eat with you, drink with you, or pray with you."

## The Test Remains True

Modern international friendship is, on its earnest and serious side, entirely a matter of buying and selling. On its more social and spiritual side, it is a matter of talking. On the one hand, it is necessary to reestablish what are called relations with Moscow of the Bolsheviks, long before anybody dares to proclaim that he feels anything like human charity for any Bolshevik. On the other hand, Ministers and Ambassadors always

hold themselves ready, at any moment, to make speeches about their love for Bolsheviks in Russia, or for brigands in Calabria, or for cannibals in the Cannibal Islands. But, save for the formalities of a few public dinners, the ultimate test propounded by Shylock remains true.

Men who absolutely refuse to pray together do not commonly and casu-

ally eat and drink together, when the contrast is between the customs of different countries or continents. An English gentleman will talk about the King of the Cannibal Islands to a vast extent; he will talk to the King of the Cannibal Islands to a considerable extent; he will trade with the King of the Cannibal Islands to any extent. But he will not dine with the King of the Cannibal Islands unless the menu has been to some extent supervised and expurgated; and he certainly will not do it any the more because Anthropophagy, like Anthroposophy, is really a variation of religious experience.

## Thus in America

**A**s for an American gentleman, especially from somewhere south of the Mason and Dixon line, he will not only refuse to eat with a Negro eating man or missionary, but even with a Negro eating mutton or beef. And he certainly will not join in the Negro self-expression in religion, whether it be Negro spirituals or Negro witchcraft or human sacrifice. In the latter prejudice I sympathize with him; but I fear that he sometimes condemns the black magic only because it is black.

Yet the American would certainly have no objection to trading with Jamaican Negroes for rum; especially since the establishment of Prohibition. He would only object to drinking rum with Negroes. Even Prohibition could not goad him to that degree of convivial intoxication. He can even object to the presence of Negroes in a Christian church, and have them turned out of it; as happened recently in the church of an Episcopalian pastor in America.

In fact he fulfills, as I say, the exact principles of his modern model and master, Shylock; he will trade with them; he will even talk with them, in large impersonal public as-

## EDITOR'S NOTE

**T**HREE is a lot of talk today about World Peace and Universal Good Will—an ideal to be based upon a foundation of Internationalism.

Such an ideal can never become a reality so long as the heads of governments and the people they represent think of internationalism only as a matter of buying and selling, talking and walking, and so following.

The one international institution in the world is the Catholic Church, and it is international, and even supernational, because it was founded for everybody.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton, who was received into the Church in 1922, is an untiring worker in interpreting to the non-Catholic world what Catholicism is and what it stands for. We are looking forward to other articles for our Readers from his versatile pen.

semblies like Congresses of Culture or Parliaments of Religion; but he will not eat with them, drink with them, nor pray with them.

#### Doing instead of Talking

**W**HEN, therefore, I saw several black Africans, and several ex-savages from remote tropical islands, eating, drinking and saying grace with Englishmen and Americans and all sorts of Europeans in the College of the Propaganda, I realized once more the presence of the only really practical thing in the world. I had the sense of something that really does what all the rest of the world talks about.

Mr. Hoover may stand up and make the most beautiful speeches about the brotherhood of all human beings, and the fellowship of peace that should be more precious to us than any narrow national attachment. But Mr. Hoover cannot induce a single one of his subject or fellow-citizens, from anywhere with a hundred miles of Dixie, to walk into the same waiting-room with a colored man, still less to eat with him in the same restaurant.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald may talk in his most soothing notes, of the broader charity that should be extended equally to all men but especially to Prussians and American plutocrats; to lay the foundations of a lasting peace. But Mr. MacDonald cannot induce some of his own countrymen to regard the poor Glasgow Irish with that respect which princes and plutocrats may receive.

Lord Cecil or Sir Austen Chamberlain would no doubt say in all sincerity that the League of Nations should extend its beneficent principle beyond Europe and bring about brotherhood among all races and civilizations; but Lord Cecil could not induce his own sisters and cousins and aunts, if he happens to have any in the Anglo-Indian aristocracy, to regard an ordinary brown Hindoo as the equal of an English lady or gentleman.

It is all right in the matter of trading for the English went to India to trade; and it is all right in the matter of talking, for it is as easy to talk about India as about Utopia. But when we come down to the human fundamentals of eating, drinking and praying, the Hindoo is a man who eats rice and has no table manners; and an abyss as deep as all the ages yawns between us and his ancient and mysterious religion.

#### Things in Right Order

**H**ERE, in the great house of Propaganda, in the home of the Catholic Missions, these differences and difficulties are resolved with an astonishing ease; because things are reversed and put in their right order; and praying comes first, along with eating and drinking; and only after that talking, and only long after that trading. The thing that unites them is the thing that must come first with all of them; and the things that divide them at the most second or third.

I do not suppose that all the individuals have got rid of all the irritations; but I do know that they are all met upon a general admission that they may make a beginning

of getting rid of them. But the American Republic, with all its heroic origin, was not in fact a thing designed to make white and black men equals. The British Empire, with all the good humor that mixed with its adventure, was not in fact a thing designed to make Anglo-Indians and Indians brothers or fellow-citizens.

Those who founded and defended these great societies thought of the subject peoples quite differently; and as things entirely different. But the Catholic Church was not merely founded, by or for, English gentlemen or hundred-per-cent. American regular guys. It was founded by the sort of man these men would call a nobody; and it was founded for everybody.



## Morale in the Home

By ANSELM SECOR, C. P.

**O**NE of the words which we inherited from the late war was "morale." Along with cannoneering, camouflage and scores of others, morale took its place in our national vocabulary, for it expressed admirably the spirit of courage, unity and determination which were necessary for victory.

To cultivate morale, stout generals harangued the troops with great eloquence: zealous civic dignitaries graced the trenches with their inspiring presence, especially in the quiet sectors: talented professional entertainers gave their services gratis, in camp and field: in a word, every effort was made to instill into the mind of the soldier, courage and enthusiasm, and the will to win.

Popular words are like popular songs; they are worked to death. They are in everybody's mouth till they become trite and wearisome. But the meaning behind them remains true even after they have lost the tang of novelty and freshness.

Call it by whatever name we wish, morale is necessary for the success of any enterprise. Big business spares no pains to instill it into its employees; schools work hard to foster it among their students; civic and fraternal organizations, by means of exhortation and advertising, seek to

instill and maintain it among their members. For they all realize that morale is a prime factor in success.

And what of morale in the home? It goes without saying that it is essential for the well-being of the family. Without it, one has a disorganized aggregate unworthy of the name, home. And just what do we mean by morale within the home? It is not easy to define, nor hard to recognize. It is independent of location or rank, or material splendor. Fine furnishings cannot create it, nor can obsequious servants conserve it; it cannot be bought with money or installed like a radio or a frigidaire. And yet it must be worked for, and paid for, not with material currency, but with the spiritual coin of sacrifice and effort.

**W**ERE one to hazard a descriptive definition of home morale, one could well say that it is a composite of unity, love, interest, self-sacrifice, thrift and cleanliness. A divided home engenders the spirit of hatred; a selfish home brings yet more selfishness in its train; a dirty home inspires disgust; a shiftless home brings constant nagging worry about debt.

Some one has defined morale as the "will to succeed." It is this will to succeed, which, applied to family

affairs, creates an atmosphere of peace, comfort, contentment and happiness which is the admiration of the neighbors and the envy of those who are less energetic or less fortunate.

How is one to go about creating this home morale and guarding it jealously from enemies both within and without? A prime necessity in this regard is a well directed ambition. Where there is merely indifference or vague wishing, or an indefinite sort of planning which contemplates all things through the dreamy haze of that tomorrow which never comes, little of a practical nature is ever accomplished. Why? Because the real will to succeed is absent.

**T**HIS is a general truth, applicable with equal force to any line of endeavor. The world is filled with men and women of talent who, if they only realized their possibilities, could accomplish admirable things, both for others and for themselves. But they are like a cold and motionless motor; they lack a driving force. And that driving force is a well-directed ambition, which enables them to turn their ideals to practical accomplishments and give expression to the latent powers that lie within them.

Ambition may be a curse or it may be a blessing, according to the object towards which it is directed and the means used to attain the desired end. But no one will challenge the statement that there is hardly any more praiseworthy outlet for the urge to success than that which seeks a well-ordered household over which hover the twin blessings of peace and contentment.

Along with ambition,—or rather a practical manifestation of it—is singlemindedness of purpose. “Jack of all trades and master of none” is an old expression, proved from the experience of countless generations. Where there is true ambition there is concentration of purpose and close application to a clearly defined ideal.

To get, we must give; it is the law of life. And it is just this lack of concentration which makes so many homes a failure. Parents want to spend, and yet to have; to be constantly on the go, and at the same time retain control of their children; to be over-lenient and yet to exact discipline; to impress the neighbors, and yet pay their debts. All this is a kind of desperate juggling feat, which is bound to end in a crash.

For unless we have marvellous ability, we cannot expend ourselves over more than a certain closely restricted area of endeavor.

Our physical and mental limitations forbid it. To try it is to fail, as others have failed before us. On the other hand, to fix intently on a given purpose, clinging to it with a dogged determination; to resolutely put aside the host of large and small distractions that are forever intruding themselves on our notice; to sacrifice time and recreation and amusement; to resolutely fight off depression and weariness; these are the things which bring success.

Often people have the means of home morale at hand and yet they do nothing with even the most prom-

is a credit to their good sense and their spiritual perceptions.

Another indispensable quality for home morale is harmony. At times the baseball-loving public, watching its favorite game, is dismayed to find that, after coming along like a whirlwind during the early part of the season, it suddenly falters and begins to weaken. All kinds of explanations are offered, but often the secret is that discord has crept in among the players and nullified even the best talent.

**T**EAMWORK, so necessary in the field of sport, is necessary, too, in the home. If husband and wife are at odds, if children are constantly wrangling, it is hopeless to expect the co-operation which is required for success. Demoralization is a catastrophe which attacks organizations, great and small.

It changes well-trained armies into panic-stricken mobs; it transforms attentive audiences into howling maniacs; it takes the fighting spirit out of organizations and leaves them cringing and helpless—beaten before they start their contest. And at times demoralization comes into homes; sometimes from some crushing blow such as sudden death or financial disaster; sometimes from a long continued illness which tries the deepest love, even to the breaking point.

But sometimes this demoralization proceeds from a carelessness which permits outside influence to establish a detrimental foothold within the home; or from an indifference which refuses to take action even when danger threatens; or from a colossal stupidity which imagines that home morale is not only self-sustaining but that it is proof against even the most vigorous and repeated attacks.

It would not be amiss to make the suggestion that parents exercise a little diligence from time to time in examining whether the morale of their home is all it should be. Is there that harmony, that unity, that—one might almost say—clannishness, which offers a protective defense against a designing world?

If not, let their conscience awake. For while they are idly dreaming, or planning greater business achievements or more brilliant social triumphs, influences may be at work within the home which will ruin its morale and bring untold sorrow to what should be the very source of inspiration, happiness and spiritual betterment.

#### EDITOR'S NOTE

**S**OME cynic, Mencken-esque in his viewpoint, stated that to keep up the morale of others means encouraging them to do for us what we don't want to do for ourselves.

This may be true in some cases, but it is not true as far as the family welfare is concerned. To sustain morale within the home is a necessity; to weaken it is dangerous; to destroy it is a calamity.

ising material. They are always broke; always worrying, always borrowing. Their home is a topsy turvy institution that functions with neither regularity nor satisfaction. They want too much from life. To use the familiar expression, they look lovingly at their cake, gobble it down greedily and then cry because it is gone.

**O**THERS prosper on more modest resources. They have order in their home; they meet their obligations as they come; they train their children both in manners and in morals. Why? Because they have definite clean-cut standards regarding home affairs, and neither social ambitions nor fear of criticism nor the lure of worldly diversion can swerve them from their ideals. And these last are the kind who, unless unfortunate circumstances intervene, go placidly along, and raise a family that

# IT HAPPENED IN AUGUST

## **Fra Giovanni's Notes on This Month's Anniversaries of Persons and Events**

### **August First**

1096—Peter the Hermit at the head of a Crusading Army first reaches Constantinople (now Istanbul).

1627—Bull of Pope Urban VIII recognizes the Propaganda College in Rome as the missionary college of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda to which were entrusted countries in which the Hierarchy was not established or in which, even though there was a Hierarchy, matters were in an inchoate state.

1662—Evelyn's famous Diary mentions the English Cardinal Philip Howard, whose charity was so large as to earn for him the title of the "Common Father of the Poor."

1903—The Emperor of Austria announces his intention of exercising his ancient right of veto, and objects to the nomination of Cardinal Rampolla for the Papacy. An enormous diplomatic sensation caused by this revival of a mediaeval privilege.

1926—Riots in Mexico follow closing of churches by the anti-Christian Government.

### **August Second**

257—Usually accepted date of death of St. Stephen, first Pope of that name, who decided, against St. Cyprian, that baptism administered by heretics is valid.

686—Death of John V, a Pope of Syrian birth.

1689—Death of Innocent XI the Pope who annulled the "Declaration du Clerge Francais" of the Galican Assembly of 1682.

1926—Protest from the Catholics of Santiago, Chili, against the anti-Christian policy of the Mexican Government.

### **August Third**

1492—Christopher Columbus and his crews of 120 men in the "Santa Maria" and other vessels, having all confessed and received Communion, set sail from Palos, Spain, for the unknown America.

1839—Death of Father Connolly,

the first priest in Tasmania, where he had landed in 1821.

1899—Leo XIII establishes an Apostolic Delegation for Canada.

### **August Fourth**

1859—Death at Ars in France of Saint Jean Baptiste Marie Vianney, the famous Cure d'Arts.

1903—Cardinal Sarto becomes Pius X, the Pope. One of his first acts was to abolish Austria's ancient right of veto in Papal elections. Founder of the Biblical Institute.

1915—Owing to the exigencies of the Great War, a special order of the Pope now leaves the Bishop of Arras in France free to move his episcopal residence temporarily either to St. Omer or to Boulogne.

### **August Fifth**

1280—Will of Marco Polo the elder, the famous traveller, mentions legacies to the Franciscans even then in the Crimea. He mentions that his slaves are to be freed.

1898—Leo XIII forbids Italian Catholics to take any part in the political life of Italy while the Holy See remained in its then intolerable position.

1909—Christians for the first time are admitted to the Turkish Army.

### **August Sixth**

258—Generally accepted date of Martyrdom of Sixtus II, the Pope who prevented a rupture between the Holy See and the African and Asiatic Churches.

1221—Death of St. Dominic at Bologna, founder of the Dominicans or Friars Preachers. In this year at its General Chapter held at Bologna the Order adopted a new constitution renouncing all rents and possessions and making the Dominicans a Mendicant Order.

1456—Calixtus III makes the Transfiguration a Feast of Obligation in commemoration of the defeat of the Turks at Belgrade.

1538—First Mass in Bogota, Colombia, the vestments then used

being even now worn in the Cathedral on every anniversary of the day.

1910—See of Natchitoches transferred to Alexandria, Louisiana.

### **August Seventh**

768—Commencement Papacy of Stephen III, who first allowed priests to say the "Gloria in Excelsis" in the Mass, previously permitted only to bishops.

1518—Martin Luther cited to appear at Rome, his disobedience starting the "reformation."

1727—Ten Ursuline Nuns reached New Orleans after a five months' journey from France. First Ursulines in the limits of the present United States.

1814—Pius VII restores the Society of Jesus.

### **August Eighth**

1553—Edward VI of England buried with Protestant rites, but Queen Mary, the "Bloody Mary" of the "History" books, has Mass said for him in Tower of London.

1570—Blessed John Felton tortured and executed in St. Paul's Churchyard, London, for having on the previous May 24 affixed a copy of the excommunication of Queen Elizabeth to the gate of the Bishop of London's palace.

1929—New civil law governing matrimony comes into force in Italy, the State now counting as valid the religious service without, as heretofore, any civil ceremony.

### **August Ninth**

1253—St. Clare obtains from Innocent IV confirmation of a new Rule allowing the Poor Clares (originally, Poor Ladies) to possess no property of any sort either as individuals or as a community.

1471—Begins the Papacy of Sixtus IV who built the Sistine Bridge across the Tiber. A Franciscan and a famous preacher, this Pope attempted the reconciliation of Russia.

1903—Coronation in St. Peter's of Pius X, the Pope whose motto was "To restore all things in

Christ." The Pope of Frequent Communion.

#### August Tenth

1221—The arrival of the first Dominicans in London. "Their success was unequivocal."

1864—Outbreak of sixteen days' anti-Catholic rioting in Belfast, Ireland. Five were killed and 150 seriously injured.

1872—Curious case reported in the London papers—official negotiations still being in progress about the compensation provided by the French Government as long ago as 1815 in reparation for the Irish College in Paris confiscated during the Revolution.

#### August Eleventh

1253—Death of St. Clare, age 59, in the 42nd year of her Profession. Foundress of the Poor Clares.

1884—Japanese Government abolishes all forms of State Religion.

1890—Death of Cardinal John Henry Newman, the greatest convert to the Church in the nineteenth century. "His conversion shook the foundations of the Established Church of England."

#### August Twelfth

1519—Body of Leonardo da Vinci, the world-famous artist, transferred to cloister of St. Florentin, Florence, Italy.

1678—Titus Oates divulges his imaginary "Popish Plot" against the English Crown and eighteen Catholics are inculpated and executed. The "Plot" subsequently found to be purely imaginary.

1872—Mass meeting of 60,000 Orangemen opens at Inniskillen, Ireland.

#### August Thirteenth

523—Election of St. John I. Was Pope for 2 years, 9 months and 7 days. Died in prison, where he had been put by the Emperor Theodoric, the murderer of Boethius, the great philosopher.

1113—Death of Baldwin II, King of the old Crusaders' Kingdom of Jerusalem. Having put on the garb of a monk, was buried with the other Crusader Kings near Mt. Calvary.

1291—Nicholas IV addresses Papal Brief to Arghun, the great Khan of Persia. Two Franciscans, William and Matthew, carry the letter.

1729—Benedict XIII's Bull of Beatification of Vincent de Paul.

1826—Death of Rene Theophile Hyacinthe Laennec, an intensely

devout Catholic, inventor of the stethoscope.

1842—Father Matthew, the Irish "Apostle of Temperance" reaches Glasgow to hold enormous Meetings.

#### August Fourteenth

1464—Pope Pius II having put on the Crusader's Cross died on the very eve of his departure for the East.

1879—Bishop O'Connor appoints five Jesuit Fathers as a Board of Trustees for Creighton College, Omaha, the gift of the brothers John and Edward Creighton.

1880—Actual completion of Cologne Cathedral, its body having been opened in 1848, on the 600th anniversary of its foundation.

1896—Death in New York of Sister Irene, an English emigrant named Catherine FitzGibbon, of London who, having come to America, opened the first Foundling Hospital in New York City.

#### August Fifteenth

813—Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady observed from early centuries throughout the Church.

1038—Death of St. Stephen of Hungary, father of St. Emeric after whom America is called.

1534—St. Ignatius Loyola lays the Foundation of the Society of Jesus at meeting in Paris.

1535—Foundation of Assuncion, capital of Paraguay, so named in honor of the day.

1549—St. Francis Xavier lands in Japan.

1790—Father John Carroll, S.J., consecrated as Bishop of Baltimore, in the chapel of Lulworth Castle in Dorset, England, the seat of the Welds, a famous Catholic family.

1843—Consecration in Rome of Rev. Dr. Michael O'Connor as first bishop of Pittsburgh, Pa. In 1852 he brought the Passionists to America. On May 23, 1860, he resigned his See and entered the Society of Jesus.

#### August Sixteenth

1885—Great controversy in England as to the position of Catholic chaplains to the forces in the Crimean War—whether or not they were to come under the Protestant chaplain-general.

1892—Archbishop (afterwards) Cardinal Vaughan of England receives pallium from Papal Delegate in London, first occasion of the ceremony in England since 1556.

1914—Consecration of William Spence as co-adjutor Bishop of Adelaide, Australia. Afterwards became Archbishop.

#### August Seventeenth

1236—Death of Blessed Theodore de Celles (near Liege, Belgium). Founder of the Canons of the Holy Cross.

1838—Death of Lorenzo da Ponte, poet. Born a Jew, he was converted to Church at 14 and sent by Bishop of Cenanda to Vienna where he met Mozart. First teacher in U. S. A. to lecture on Dante's Divine Comedy.

1887—Birth of Charles V, last Emperor of Austria and "Apostolic King of Hungary."

#### August Eighteenth

1276—Death of Adrian V, having been Pope only from the previous 12th of July. In 1264 had been on a mission in England.

1559—Death of Paul IV, the Pope who refused to sanction Cardinal Pole's suggested Settlement with the English "reformers" as to confiscated Church property, relieved the Cardinal of his legantine office and ordered him to Rome.

1641—Death near Bologna, Italy, of Guido Reni, whose paintings are an important part of the treasures of Catholic art.

1811—Archbishop Carroll of Baltimore, since 1808 an Archbispopric and Metropolitan See of the United States, receives the pallium.

#### August Nineteenth

440—Death of Sixtus III, who defended against the Patriarch of Constantinople the supremacy of the Holy See over Illyricum.

1807—Death of Cardinal Duke of York, practically the last survivor of the old Stuart dynasty of England.

#### August Twentieth

984—Death of John XIV in prison, either from starvation or murder at the command of the infamous anti-pope, Boniface VII.

1153—Death of St. Bernard of Clairvaux, having established his monastery there in 1114.

1914—Entry of the Germans into Brussels, and Monsignor Sarzana, Auditor of the Papal Nunciature, announces the death of the Pope.

#### August Twenty-first

1554—Letter of St. Francis Xavier: "I am working in the midst of people whose language I do not understand and I have no interpreter."

1879—First of the Apparitions in the church at Knock, Co. Mayo, Ireland.

1885—At a meeting in London Father Murphy of Liverpool seconds the Vote starting the National Vigilance Association, the first contribution being five pounds from Cardinal Manning. The principles of the Association were later copied into cities of the United States.

#### August Twenty-second

1241—Death of Pope Gregory IX. St. Francis in prophetic spirit more than once addressed him as "bishop of the whole world and father of all nations."

1280—Death of Nicholas III the Pope who established the Vatican as the official Papal residence and secured the property which afterwards became the Vatican Gardens.

1597—Father Santos leaves Africa for Europe, having baptized 20,000 natives at Tete alone on the Zambezi River.

1800—Edward Bouverie Pusey, born in Berkshire, England. For him the "Catholic Revival" among Anglicans was called Puseyite.

#### August Twenty-third

1430—Pope Martin V allows the Franciscans to hold property like the other orders. His decree is the Magna Charta of the Franciscans.

1724—Father Sebastian Rale (Rasle), French Jesuit Missionary shot to death by the English force attacking Norridgewock Mission, Maine. His manuscript dictionary of the Abenaki Indian language is preserved in the library of Harvard University.

1776—Discovery of Salt Lake, Utah, by two Franciscan Friars, exploring from Santa Fe to Monterey.

1863—Sacred Congregation of Rites issues letter deprecating use of "Gothic" vestments and urging Roman.

#### August Twenty-fourth

1562—St. Teresa founds her first monastery at Avila, Spain.

1594—Death of Father Reynolds, an Exeter (England) man who had been one of the Anglican scholars on the "Authorized Version" of the Church of England Bible, but who became converted and assisted with the translation of the Rheims version of the New Testament.

1873—Dedication of Armagh Cathedral in Ireland. Special trains run to function. Orangemen at-

tack and stone them and burn the station.

#### August Twenty-fifth

1270—Death of St. Louis (King Louis IX of France) the instigator of the last crusade and founder of the Sorbonne. Sent missionaries to the Far East. His monument is the Saint Chapelle in Paris.

1648—Death of St. Joseph Calasanctius who in 1597 opened the first public free school in Europe.

1848—Jesuits dissolved in Piedmont, Italy, by a Royal Decree expelling foreign members of the Society.

1893—Creation of Diocese of Boise, Idaho, the first church having been built by two Jesuit Fathers assisted by Red Indian converts.

1903—Consecration of Bishop O'Reilly, first Bishop of Baker City, Oregon.

1914—Burning of Library of Louvain University, Belgium.

#### August Twenty-sixth

1616—Usually accepted date of death of St. Rose of Lima (1586 to 1616) first American to be canonized.

1811—Death of Thomas Fitz-Simons, whose election as Provincial Deputy in 1774 had been the first instance of any Catholic being named for any public office in Pennsylvania.

1867—Bishop Baillargeon of Tloa appointed Archbishop of Quebec.

#### August Twenty-seventh

1590—Death of Sixtus V, the Pope who practically rebuilt Rome.

1816—Bombardment of Algiers by British Fleet under Lord Exmouth. This ended the centuries-long enslavement of Christians by the Barbary Coast corsairs, and even now as many as 1083 Christian slaves were found in the city. On December 1st following, the Pope received in audience an English officer as representing the British Navy and congratulated him upon ending the enslavement of Christians.

#### August Twenty-eighth

1565—St. Augustine's, Florida, founded and named after the Saint's Day. The first permanent settlement of Europeans in America.

1823—First Catholic Church dedicated on Long Island, named by its Spanish discoverers as the

"Island of the Apostles" because they first sighted it on June 29, (1525) the feast of Sts. Peter and Paul.

1871—Revolutionary Police in Guatemala expel Capuchin Friars, while a crowd of 5,000 tries to hinder them. Fierce rioting.

#### August Twenty-ninth

1484—Election of Innocent VIII the Pope who conferred on the Spanish Kings the title of "Most Catholic Majesty" after the fall of Granada which marked the re-conquest of Spain from the Moors.

1799—Death of Valence of Pius VI, the Pope dethroned by Napoleon Bonaparte. The entry in local Register records his decease with "Profession—Pontiff."

#### August Thirtieth

1181—Death of Alexander III, the Pope who excommunicated William the Lion, King of Scotland, and put his whole kingdom under an Interdict.

1464—Begins the Papacy of Paul II, the Pope who instituted Carnival. Also he granted to Cardinals the privilege of wearing the red biretta.

1827—States of the Church issue order forbidding clergy and religious to wear garments made out of foreign wool—a curious instance of early "Protection."

#### August Thirty-first

1240—Death at Cardona, Spain, of St. Raymond Nonnatus. Is usually pictured in his religious garb surrounded by slaves, with a padlock on his lips. His surname due to the fact that he was taken from his mother's womb after her death. Is invoked by women in labor and by persons falsely accused.

1507—Death of Earl Leofric, the husband of the Lady Godiva of the traditional naked ride through the streets of Coventry, England.

1522—Adrian VI crowned in St. Peters, Rome. A Dutch Pope.

1809—Father Gabriel Richard issues first number of his "Michigan Essay or Impartial Observer," the first Catholic paper published in all North America.

1886—Pro-Cathedral and episcopal residence at Charleston, S. C., wrecked by earthquake.

1907—Future Cardinal William O'Connell becomes Archbishop of Boston. On becoming a Cardinal, he made extensive repairs of his titular church, San Clemente, underneath which he found an ancient temple of Mithras.

# *From RED TERROR*

# *To WHITE PEACE*



*The Personal Experiences of a  
Woman Under Fire in Soviet Russia*

By E. M. ALMEDINGEN

*The First of Two Installments : Illustrations By M. O. Reynolds*

**T**HE most astounding detail of the story to follow is that this White Peace actually enveloped one right in the very midst of the Red Terror.

Now people ask you so often why exactly you did become a Catholic and you think of this and that and the other and try to link facts and events together—"that sermon, that book, that Catholic service—witnessed for the first time"—or anything at all.

You can well-nigh lose yourself in a labyrinthian maze of probable effects and when you've done all that, you're no nearer the truth than you were at the beginning, and the reason for this being that you rather stubbornly, however unconsciously, denied any room to what is commonly known as God's own grace. And the latter is always responsible in a way nothing else can be.

From Red Terror to White Peace. A lot really covers these words. So you will remember a furtively attended Benediction in a purposely darkened church, an old priest intoning *Panem de coelo* and he not quite certain of being there to say his Mass on the morrow; you will remember the pagan wildness let loose upon the once quiet streets of Petrograd, the hideous scarlet banners, lorries, piled up with loads, a mere description of which would stiffen you into rigidity, lorries clattering down the road on their ominous way from the execution yard to some obscure cemetery.

ONE remembers also the machine-guns coming to terrible life at

any hour of day and night, bullet-sieved houses, burned-down churches, hurrying figures of cowed men and women and half-starved children down the unpaved streets; you will remember the stifling grey shadow of FEAR, spelt in capital letters, creeping over everything. Yet, on this bleak frozen pattern, red frozen pattern, since so much blood used to be shed that you almost ceased to take it into account, on this terrible pat-

tern, I say, a relief comes out, boldly, challengingly, victoriously.

There stands a purposely darkened church in a quiet hushed street on the Vassili Ostrov, the few candles gleam on the poorly beflowered altar and a group of nuns chanting *In Nomine Jesu omne genuflectatur, celestium, terrestrium, et inferorum*.—"At the name of Jesus every knee shall bend of those who are in Heaven, on earth and below the earth." And something creeps into your very much frightened heart and soothes it well-nigh miraculously and makes your sorely turmoiled mind forget the scarlet details of the terror raging outside the gates.

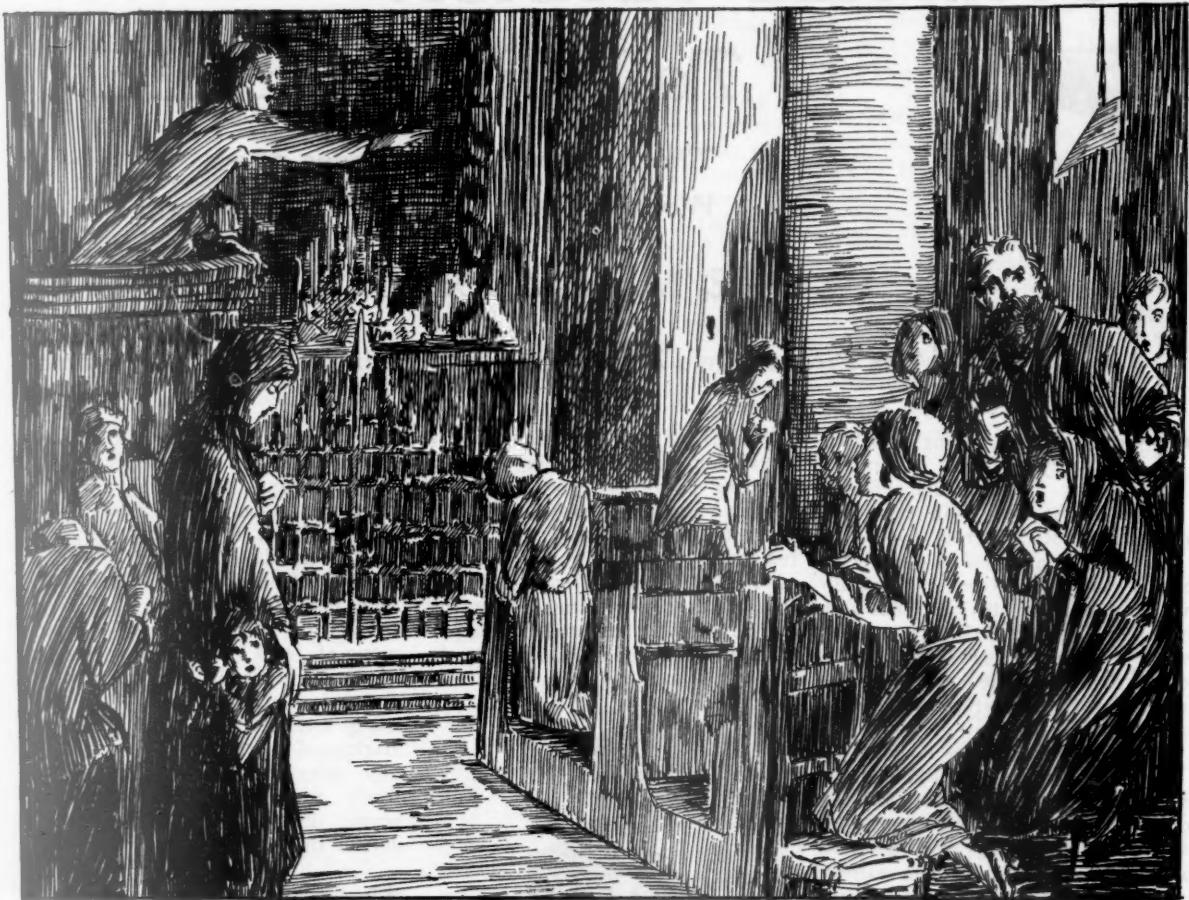
**B**EFORE I go on with the story, may I just pause and ask God to rest the soul of that gallant old priest, Canon A. Wassilewsky, gone to his reward, a brave confessor of the Faith he loved, some little time ago in the South of Russia.

And to come back to the beginnings of the Red Terror. I had about four years of it before the White Peace was granted me and not a day in these four years could be dismissed as uneventful.

There we were at the memorable beginning of 1917, with the entire country, albeit war-tired and war-ravaged, gone most unholy mad with the first revolutionary outbursts. What a seething cauldron that was! The Kerensky Revolution coming in the spring, its very date was invested with something symbolical. People forgot food-shortage and embraced one another in the streets. The roseate vision of an utterly un-



*She was a tall, gaunt woman always in black, mourning the world's wickedness.*



A young priest mounting the pulpit and urging the people to remain where they were and to keep quiet.

conditioned liberty gleamed brightly on the horizon. All the restrictions of the old Tzarist regime fell away. Absolute freedom of conscience was declared in May, 1917.

**T**HOSE were, admittedly, interesting days. You went out in the streets in the morning and never knew what the following hours were likely to bring in their wake. Everybody went politics-mad, religion-mad. Meetings of all kinds were held at street corners. Every conceivable sect—and their name has always been legion in Russia—seized their chance and used it to the utmost.

Impressionable as I have been from earliest childhood, I dipped into most creeds, here listening to the fiery tirade of a Baptist minister, doubtless "imported" from America, there attracted by the loudly shrieked warnings, teeming with fire and brimstone they, of a home-bred Evangelical enthusiast. And all of these preached "salvation" and remained

comfortably vague as to the real means of getting it.

Now concerning myself. I was brought up in a strict Anglican home. My mother, being English, had had all of us reared in her own religion. My father must have nominally belonged to the Russian Church, but I don't think he troubled himself overmuch about any creed. I had always had a vague idea that the Church of England sufficed me just as much as it sufficed my own mother. I quite genuinely loved our services, simple as they were. I don't think dogmas meant much, if anything at all, to me at that time.

But even before the Revolution, "religion," taken broadly, always interested me. I well remember that, as a youngster of fifteen, I paid a surreptitious visit to a Christian Science church in Petrograd. A keen Christian Scientist, a great friend of mine, lent me a battered copy of "Science and Health" and said she would pray for my "conversion."

But Mrs. Eddy's amazing grammar proved too much for me and the service bored me almost to tears. I never went again, and, of course, my "adventure" remained a dead secret.

I always read prodigiously, and as I can see it today, very one-sidedly. I should say that in spite of many Catholic relations, I had never heard anything definite about the Faith till I was almost twenty. What religious literature I did read was always Protestant. And for years and years my favorite work of fiction remained Alcock's "Spanish Brothers." The highly-colored descriptions of the Inquisition cells in Madrid and Toledo gripped me as few other things did.

**A**T ABOUT sixteen I went to live at a High School. One of the girls in my form was a Pole, hence a Catholic. Always insatiably curious, I used to borrow her missal and thus began learning Latin. I still possess a tattered diary, kept in

1914. There I find, copied most laboriously, "Credo," "Paternoster" and a long prayer I could not possibly decipher today.

**W**HAT very remote and quiet years! Then the Red Terror came.

The way it came is known the whole world over. But the winter 1917-1918 with the food-shortage increasing by leaps and bounds, with life in general becoming a dire uncertainty, with death growing well-nigh commonplace, proved more of a turning point to me than I had ever realized.

In the first place there was absolutely nothing to do except to study. And study I did. The old Imperial library in Petrograd, then still open, though unheated and terribly neglected, gave me generous shelter. There I would spend days on days, reading history in a most desultory manner. It would be Charlemagne one day, the Crusades the next, followed by dips into the land tenure problems in the Middle Ages. A regular pell-mell all of it. But it helped me keep my balance some-

how, in the midst of the Red Terror.

Yet gradually my desultory reading became more and more systematized. I remember being genuinely attracted to the Spanish mystics, particularly to St. John of the Cross. I read him and St. Theresa voraciously, probably understanding little, if anything at all.

Towards the spring of 1918 I got a job with an electrical firm. It was vilely paid, but there seemed very little to do. One of the stenographers in my room attracted me from the beginning. She was a tall quiet girl who always seemed to keep her wits about her no matter what happened. We had the excitement of a small fire in the building soon after I had come. All the girls promptly lost their heads and went into hysterics. Helena S. calmly mustered them together and marched them out into the yard. The very next day we had a long talk together.

The following Sunday she came to tea with us (a mere apology of a meal in those days!), but rose to leave very early, as she had to cross the river to get home and a riot

was going on in that part of the town. I suggested seeing her home, much to my mother's dismay. But we never reached Helena S.'s home.

As soon as we crossed the Nicholas Bridge and turned right down the quay, we heard machine guns clicking, at no great distance either. Helena turned and said:

"You cannot possibly get home. My parish church is just round the corner. If we get there, we'll be sure to find refuge."

I followed her without a word. We got to the tiny whitewashed church all right. Benediction was going on—not that I knew anything about it. Helena squeezed me into a remote corner and soon forgot all about me, so absorbed did she become in prayer.

**B**ENEDICTION was not over when the entire building shook from roof to crypt. A woman shrieked. Someone behind me moaned aloud "Lord, have mercy." My own teeth began chattering. Helena did not as much as raise her head.

The Reds were shelling a "rebel" dreadnought down at the docks and

All the parishes in Petrograd sent representatives, white and red banners in their hands, to the Church of St. Catherine.



shelling a few streets in addition.

The din outside was terrifying.

But inside . . .

I suppose Benediction was over. All I remember is a young priest, he did not look much more than a boy, mounting the pulpit and urging his people to remain where they were and to keep quiet at all costs. I began listening eagerly. He talked on. A few stray sentences even now float into my mind:

"Listen to the guns. Don't let them frighten you. Remember you are not just by yourselves in this church. Someone is with you. Someone will shield you."

And the whole congregation kept marvellously quiet.

The afternoon had already merged into dusk when we were able to leave the church. Too much shaken to say anything coherent to Helena S., I merely muttered:

"That man—on the pulpit—something of a hero, wasn't he?"

"Why, he's a priest. Had his duty to do. And did it. Otherwise there might have been disastrous panic."

A few months later, about July, 1918, I had yet another encounter with the Catholic church. It was simply marvellous. All the parishes in Petrograd sent their representatives, white and red banners in their hands, to the big church of St. Catherine's in the Nevsky. It was not as much a procession, as a triumphant assertion that God's truth and God's majesty were still recognized in the very midst of sickening anarchy and appallingly immoral squalor.

**M**IND, at the time of the procession, we had already endured a nine months' spell of the Red tyranny and all the upheavals it had fostered. From the window of an isolated tea-room in the Nevsky, I saw that army marching past in perfect and quiet orderliness. The very meaning of this their march was just nothing to me. But something cried out to me to follow them and I did. So mingling with that mighty homogeneous crowd—Polish and French and Lithuanian and Lettish and Russian and even Armenian—I caught my very first glimpse of the Church's universality, as it were. I heard languages around me which I had never heard before and chanting went on in many alien tongues as well. But such details were of little import. I followed a part of the vast procession right outside the gates of Petrograd, attended the Benediction in a very small darkened church.

Some kindly soul helped me find the way to my remote home. Yet the chanting and the fervor and the grandeur of that day stayed with me for many months to come.

**S**TILL another incident and may I just halt here for a second?

Anyone, reading this, might say "What an utter quilt of a story. Here one fragment, there another. Hasn't she got enough sense in her to build all of them into one big story. Fragments and nothing more than fragments."

And I readily admit it is a quilt



The room was littered with faggots and straw soaked in paraffin.

of a story. Inevitably so. Why, our whole life out there was just one enormous quilt, one bright patch always surrounded by so many dark bits. If there had been any civilization there, well, I might have arrived where I now am by clearly patterned ways. There was no civilization, as grasped from the Western viewpoint. There just was chaos, and chaos and more chaos.

Hence the fragments, the quilt-like quality of my story. Yet it will be seen towards the end of it that all these fragments are actually linked one to another by something I would not venture to define.

So to come back to that other incident, or, rather, a couple of them.

The winter of 1918 drew on and I found myself in the army. At that time I regret to say I did not trouble myself much about religion. Even the glamor of that July day when I followed a wondrous procession along the heat-scorched, dusty Petrograd streets, seemed to have faded away. In the barracks life was not exactly strenuous, but just sickeningly horrible. You took each day, as it came, sometimes almost wildly hoping not to see another. Our own English church in Petrograd had then been closed for some months. It did not worry me any. Sunday merely happened in the grey weekly routine, about as meaningless as any other day.

**D**ULY wearing that hateful uniform, I once found myself passing the selfsame Catholic church of St. Catherine in the Nevsky Prospect. The large front door was opened. I heard fragments of chanting. I glimpsed a taper or two. And I had some time on my hands. I felt no desire to be back at the barracks before my leave time was up. I scaled the few steps, passed into the porch and walked in.

There was quite a considerable congregation inside. I took my stand a little aside and kept still watching the tail-end of the Benediction. Suddenly I heard subdued angry murmurs all around me: "Off with your cap, you impudent youngster, off with your cap." I kept perfectly still, but at length it did dawn on me that the people had indeed mistaken me for a young man!

Somehow, foolishly enough, I felt too proud to offer them any explanation and I don't know how the situation might have ended, if it had not been for a white-haired verger who came forward at the most appropriate

moment and asked me to step into the vestry.

There the priest, who had just officiated, stood, waiting for me.

Well, I hate empty sentimentalism. It gets you nowhere. But to this very day I have not forgotten that priest's way of speaking to me. I'd never known before what it does feel like to be spoken to after several months of being sworn at and abused in every possible way. He just spoke to me and I told him as briefly as possible how it happened that I was in uniform. He made no comment, but merely said that he would pray for me and that no harm could come my way since I was entirely in God's hands.

I did not leave the big church immediately, though. I came out of the vestry and the Red lamp, burning in the sanctuary, drew me on. I went towards it, and kneeling then and there, muttered what must have been my very first prayer inside a Catholic church. And somehow I got back to those dismal, squalid barracks with a much lighter heart that evening.

What a small incident, some would say. "Why, attending a service you did not as much as understand the meaning of! And being spoken to by a priest! And uttering a very brief and incoherent prayer! Was there anything else to it!"

Heavens! Of course there was. A whole lot of it. I would not be exaggerating in the slightest if I said that the mere remembering that priest and the simple words he had said to me helped me "keep a stiff upper lip" through all the days that followed. Which is, really, saying a lot, when I come to realize what barrack-life meant.

So, to go on with my quilt.

I had one decent girl in my Battalion. The rest were not. A Pole and decent though she was so far as her morality stood, she did not seem to trouble herself much about her faith. A quite insignificant little kid, with red hair, an upturned nose, a continually open mouth and big blue eyes which kept on staring here, there and everywhere.

I had not had much to do with her at the beginning, but, later I could not help singling her out, since she never used any foul language, the which circumstance in those particular surroundings was nothing short of a marvel. Also she used to utter a more or less furtive grace at meals. Other girls poked endless fun at her and called her "Red Piety" on account of her hair.

One day, at dinner, two of them, brand-new atheists both, nearly kicked the poor kid out of the mess-room, but I stepped in and put my foot down and told them I'd report them for unwarranted violence if it were to happen again. And "Red Piety" carted her day's bread-ration into my room by way of silent gratitude. Otherwise I had had practically nothing to do with the kid.

Towards the end of my service term, she, together with some others, was sent out on a reconnoitremen. She did not return. But her comrades brought me a message and a parting gift. The latter was a very much shattered rosary, with the crucifix missing and the bead chain broken in two or three places. The message was "she wished you to keep the thing. She was saying some prayers and fingering those beads just before we were told to go on. She said she had been praying for you because you used to be so kind to her."

**I** KEPT the rosary and a desire rose in me to try to do something in return for "Red Piety's" touching thoughtfulness. I could not even get in touch with her folks, since I had no idea as to where she had come from. She had no grave I could care for in some way or other. At that time I was utterly ignorant of the very possibility of a Requiem Mass. But I did feel there was something I should do for the poor gallant kid. There seemed just one thing within my reach. I did it. I really think it was the very first occasion I ever prayed for the dead. And I kept that shattered rosary in a pocket of my tunic right to the very end.

Of course, the mere memory of that girl influenced me for months to come. Another bright, bright golden bit on that very dark quilt.

And now I come to a very dreary greyly, uneventful spell. My army days were over. I went home. In the spring of 1919 my mother died and I found myself absolutely alone in the world. I spent the summer acting as a dispenser at a local hospital. There was plenty of work to do, very little to eat. At that time I happened to be homeless and drifted from one temporary shelter to another.

Graphically uneventful as those months were, yet paradoxically enough, they were packed with incidents more than sufficient to weave an Edgar Wallace tale from. So far

as my own self was concerned, they were uneventful, since, by that time nothing could shake me to any great extent. Terrors don't necessarily harden one, but they do make one rigid, unsensitive; which, after all, is a blessing in disguise.

Religion of any kind began once again to be a vital necessity with me. So I drifted from one place to another, associating myself with none and observing all. But in the summer of 1919 I had not a single encounter with the Catholic church.

One of my temporary shelters was in the house of a woman who belonged to a very queer sect indeed. Its name escapes me for the moment. The basis of this strange creed was a firm conviction that the whole world had gone the way of sin and evil and that nothing but fire could cleanse it. The sect had started centuries before and the old regime law had been dead against it, since most of those enthusiasts had nursed a favorite notion of theirs, that their souls would not be saved unless they gave their bodies to be burned!

**S**UCH was the creed my temporary landlady professed very keenly.

One week in August I happened to see quite a lot of her. She was a tall gaunt woman, always in black (mourning for the world's wickedness), with untidy wisps of white hair, skin as dark as brick and fiery eyes which sometimes frightened me. That particular week she went about, muttering vaguely dark prophecies about "the eleventh hour, the appointed time at hand, and the one and only way of salvation." I ended by avoiding her.

One evening, though it was quite late, I found the small house so hot that I decided to go for a stroll before bed. I opened the door onto the landing and smelt something funny. The house seemed quite empty so I went straight into the living-room. Then my knees shook.

The whole room was littered with faggots and bunches of straw tied together and soaked in paraffin. I made for the front door and found it bolted from the outside. Fortunately, the back entrance was left open. I ran out and made straight for the local commissariat, and to give the devil his due, even the Reds could see sense—though very occasionally. They listened to me all right and at once sent a couple of armed guards to the house. Of course, I did not go with them.

Later, I heard that the men found

the wretched woman busily placing faggots in all the upper rooms. They took her away and had her placed in some home or other. Somehow or other she tumbled to the fact that it was I who had "betrayed her" and poured all kinds of curses upon my head for "having so cruelly deprived her of the one and only way of salvation," adding that my own soul "would be doomed for all eternity."

As regarded myself, I found that I was again homeless, but a nurse at the hospital where I was working at the time, suggested that I should come and share her home. It was from her place that I went to hear my very first Mass at that tiny darkened church in a bleak street on the Vassili Ostrov. The nurse told the priest about my very narrow escape from "the fires of salvation" and the old canon seemed interested; he said I should call on him.

But I did not. At that time I felt I was just hard wood inside out. The experience in the house of that "fiery salvationist" had shaken me far more than I could have realized at the moment of its happening.

A chance encounter with my old school chums led me back to the University which I had really entered in 1917 and my friends urged

me to get back there and to start "real studies." I considered their suggestion quite seriously. I knew that as a fully registered student I would be getting rations of some kind and I quite definitely disliked my work at the hospital, as there seemed very little purpose in it.

**I** WENT back to the University, got myself registered and passed my preliminary exams in a few days. That decision of mine really proved a turning point. I at once chose Middle Ages for my specialty, got introduced to a very kind woman-professor, who looked at me, through her keen bespectacled eyes, enrolled me into her liturgics seminar for the term, and then said quite casually:

"But, of course, all these things should be more than half-familiar to you. You are a Catholic?"

"No—no . . . I am not . . . I believe I am just nothing at all."

"How strange! I would have staked anything that you were one. Yours is a Western mind, to begin with and then you seem to have a grip on things few except Catholics would know anything about."

Pointedly, almost to a rudeness, I changed the subject.

(To be Continued.)

## The Lark

By Denis A. McCarthy

**W**HEN day succeeds the dark, the lark Awakes amidst the dew,  
And forth on eager wings he springs  
And soars to gain the blue.  
And all who hear his voice rejoice—  
No sweeter thing can be  
Than thus to hark and hear the lark  
Above the lonely lea.  
Beneath a far-off sky have I  
Full oft that music heard;  
In many a dawning dim that hymn  
My youthful heart has stirred.  
And God must smile I knew, as through  
The roll of suns and stars,  
He heard that lay at break of day  
Outside His window bars.  
The poet tries in vain that strain  
To seize and make his own,  
The secret of such songs belongs  
Unto the lark alone.  
His minstrel spell is wrought untaught  
By rules or schools of art,  
As up he soars to heaven and pours  
The song from out his heart!

# In Aid of Convert Ministers

## A BATCH of SIX LETTERS with COMMENTS

THE Editor of THE SIGN has kindly asked me to make known to his readers the nature and purpose of The Converts' Aid Society of which I happen to be the Secretary. Perhaps it would be best to start this article with a batch of letters from ministers converted to the Catholic Faith, and follow the letters with an explanatory commentary. For obvious reasons the writers of these letters withhold their names, which are available to any interested readers. The letters were originally addressed to the Editor of an English Catholic weekly.

### "One Who Can't Swim"

THE first letter pleads for help for others more deserving than himself.

SIR: In the account of St. Paul's shipwreck (Acts, 27/42-44), it was Despair which made the soldiers ask "to kill the prisoners, lest any of them, swimming out, should escape. But the centurion, willing to save Paul, forbade it to be done: and he commanded that they who could swim should cast themselves first into the sea, and save themselves and get to land. And the rest some they carried on boards. And some on broken pieces of the ship. And so it came to pass that every soul got safe to land."

Many convert parsons, like myself, have felt that the Established Church of England in which we ministered long and happily, is doomed to destruction, as was St. Paul's ship when she struck the rocks; and the ship being doomed, we followed St. Paul's example, and we have reached the shore, safe and sound, either by swimming, or on boards or broken pieces of the ship.

The temporal condition of the survivors from the wreck is another matter. To drop metaphor; I feel convinced that if Catholics generally realized the condition of many of these "survivors" they would interest themselves in the matter even more generously than they do.

It is obviously impossible for me to

IT WAS in 1845 that John Henry Newman knelt at the feet of Venerable Dominic Barberi, Passionist, and asked admission into the One Fold of Christ.

The very abandonment of self, the earnest desire, regardless of cost, to fulfill the Will of God, the love and confidence, the humility, the complete dependence on God's grace—these are the things which are characteristic of the saints, and they are characteristic of the Venerable Father Dominic. As Cardinal Newman said, "His very look had about it something holy . . . I hoped, and still hope, that Rome will crown him with the aureole of the saints."

Since Newman's conversion it has been estimated that more than 1,000 clergymen of the Established Church of England have left Protestantism and embraced the Catholic Church. To many it has been a renunciation of the manifold gifts of this world; to all who have remained faithful it has been a passage from spiritual shadows and figures into the glorious reality of Catholic truth.—Editor.

reveal my name, or even to give a clue to that part of the country in which I am endeavoring to live. But will you allow me, Sir, to bear first-hand witness to the work of the Convert's Aid Society? I have recently lost my employment, and, like the Rev. Mr. Main in Mgr. Benson's "Average Man," I am handicapped in trying to find fresh work. The Society has just sent me a most generous piece of help. It is difficult, if not impossible, to express my gratitude without fulsome ness. Perhaps one way of saying "Thank you" might be to tell you, Sir, what the C.A.S. grant precisely has

By FREDERICK  
W. CHAMBERS  
Secretary, C. A. S.

done for me—if by so doing even one Catholic may be moved to give further help, so that others, more deserving than myself, may be similarly assisted.

I say, then, quite simply and in gratitude to the Converts' Aid Society, that the grant which I received from them has enabled me to pay my rent that was owing, and thus prevented my furniture—or some of it—from being sold, and the home from being gradually broken up. . . .

### ONE WHO CAN'T SWIM.

#### "One of Many"

FROM one who is spiritually safe in Peter's Ship but is buffeting the waves of poverty and unemployment comes this:

SIR: . . . Since then I have managed to get along with a precarious salary of £100 per annum. This however, ceased in the middle of July, and I found myself faced—like your correspondent "One Who Can't Swim" with the almost impossible task, for a man of my age with practically no business experience, of finding fresh work. I applied to the Converts' Aid Society, and they at once responded with a check which has enabled me to carry on up to the present time. This was all the more welcome as I was taken ill suddenly, and spent a month in hospital after an operation. I am sure that the Converts' Aid Society would never have to appeal for funds if Catholics only realized the splendid help that is unfailingly given to many a man who has given up the only work for which he has been trained at the call of the Holy Spirit, and is enduring the buffeting of the material waves of poverty and unemployment, even though he be spiritually safe in Peter's ship.

### ONE OF MANY.

#### "Another of Many"

ANOTHER minister who finds it difficult to earn his daily bread as a layman writes:

SIR: Like your correspondent of last week, I have good cause to be very grateful to the Converts' Aid Society. Having been educated for the Anglican

Ministry and having no gifts or talents which could serve me to earn my daily bread as a layman, my position was indeed difficult. The Society has given (not lent) me enough to tide over these hard times and to put me on my feet. My wife and I are now beginning to earn something like a living, and we are hoping for the day when we may gain a good place on the subscriber's list.

The late Provost Gunning once asked an Anglican Clergyman, "Why are you not a Roman Catholic?" By way of answer the clergyman pointed to his little boy. To take care of such is the purpose of the Converts' Aid Society.

#### ANOTHER OF MANY.

#### "Saved from the Wreck"

**I**N HIS old age—he is now nearing 70—another minister writes:

SIR: It was with great interest that I read the letter from "One Who Can't Swim." Naturally he cannot reveal his identity, yet I should much like to meet him, for I was an officer, too, on the same ill-fated ship. One sees now, of course, that she was doomed from the first. The voyage was bound to prove disastrous when apostolic exhortation was rejected in favor of the obstinate monarch (Henry VIII) who had constituted himself master of the ship.

During the last few years three of my children, one after the other, asked me to let them leave the vessel and get on to Rome. Gladly did I agree, adding that for my own part, being an officer, I felt it my duty to remain on board.

But when I saw those in high command, claiming to hold a sacred trust, but deliberately betraying it, playing fast and loose with the fundamental articles of the Christian Faith; when I saw the "Bishops" of the Church of England not only condoning heresy, but putting a premium upon it, till the bold preaching of Modernism became the surest and quickest way to promotion, then I realized that to remain identified with this was to participate in its guilt.

The inward struggle which followed will be understood by all who have gone through it. This lasted for some time, till at length there came the final conflict—the long last night watch on deck. All around was dark, and ahead, very, very uncertain. I, too, was unable to swim and, moreover, nearing the three score years and ten. And then I made the plunge. The Star of the Sea shone out, oh, how brightly! and underneath were the Everlasting Arms. It was some little time afterwards that I learnt that all through that long watch our dear Lady of Lourdes had been helping me on to make the momentous decision.

Well, I got to shore with very little on, for I had lost my black coat and vest, and there I sat half-dazed, but

happier than I had ever been in my life. And then, just as I was saying to myself, "And now, what am I going to do?" the Converts' Aid Society, in the person of its secretary, stepped up to me and said, "May I assist you?" Then he set me on my feet, gave me some dry clothes—in which I felt extremely odd, by the way—and handed me a check which almost took my breath away. It is the generous support which Catholics are giving to the Converts' Aid Society which made that check possible, and brought immense relief to myself and family.

#### SAVED FROM THE WRECK.

#### "Ex-Clergyman C. of E."

**L**OSING his salary of about \$2,000 a year and struggling with poverty and ill health, a converted minister with 60 years behind him writes:

SIR: The letter of "One Who Can't Swim" details (alas!) the experience of many converts, especially from the Church of England and of the Free Churches. As for myself, I can only say it has been one long struggle with poverty and ill-health caused by a loss of close upon £400 a year.

If younger in life things would have been different. A fresh start would have been possible and probably easy, but with 60 years behind to drag down the wheels, this was out of the question. There only remained patient endurance. This year, at a critical time, when rent was owing, and the purse quite empty, the Converts' Aid Society came to the rescue and saved the situation; but for this one hardly likes to think what might have happened.

I cannot, Sir, sign my name to this letter; it must be to the public anonymous, but to you I enclose my card.

#### AN EX-CLERGYMAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

#### "Convert"

**P**ITYING his wife more than himself, this minister was perilously near actual starvation:

SIR: May I in a few words supplement what "One Who Can't Swim" had to say in your issue of October 3rd concerning the beneficent work of the Converts' Aid Society?

It may not be realized, perhaps, how helpless the ministerial convert finds himself when the one calling to which, in all probability, he has devoted his life is closed to him. The kind of training he has received and the kind of life he has lived are not such as to fit him for any other vocation. On the contrary, he has, to some extent, been removed from the ordinary struggle of those in commercial and other occupations and does not know in which direction to turn to discover some means of livelihood. It takes some little while for him to find his bearings, and it is

in helping him to bridge over this transition period that the Society does such useful work.

I speak from experience. Thanks to the help I received I am now on my feet. But it is the barest statement of fact to say that, so far as I can see, had it not been for the Converts' Aid Society, my family and I would have come perilously near actual starvation. I need not point out how much more painful such a situation is when, as sometimes happens, the wife, who has to share her husband's hardships, does not share his new found faith.

#### CONVERT.

**T**HE foregoing are extracts from letters addressed by converted clergymen from the Church of England and other Protestant bodies. They speak for themselves and witness to what our Society is trying to do.

The Converts' Aid Society was established at the instance of Pope Leo XIII for the purpose of giving material assistance to convert clergymen from the Protestant Churches of England and Scotland and the other English-speaking Protestant denominations in Great Britain, Ireland and the Colonies, who have not only sacrificed every earthly prospect by entering the Catholic Church, but who are in many cases destitute.

Princes of the Church have not hesitated to call these men heroes and when, as is often the case, they are married men, the heroism of the wife often exceeds that of the convert clergyman himself. Their home is gone, their position and their money, and not infrequently the remaining pieces of furniture have to be sold to avoid actual starvation.

The project, then, which the Holy Father recommended more than thirty years ago to the zeal of Cardinal Vaughan and his brethren in the Episcopate, and through them to the generous charity of others, was none other than the help of converted Protestant ministers who have made their submission to the Catholic Church.

For years these people, for the most part in perfectly good faith, have been, to use the words of Father Faber, "playing at Mass, putting ornaments before truth, suffocating the inward by the outward, bewildering the poor instead of leading them, revelling in Catholic sentiment instead of offering the acceptable sacrifice of hardship and austerity."

At last grace is given to them and they respond, breaking, sometimes, with family ties, cut off by parents,

turned out of house and home. Why? Because they have followed the voice of conscience and embraced the Truth. Sometimes it is a veritable martyrdom, more powerful, indeed, than rack or halter. The struggles which they undergo in this world—especially those who are married and have families—after their conversion are heart-rending.

This barest of statements may be considered enough to commend it to the sympathy and benevolence of our Catholic people. It is not easy for those more fortunately circumstanced to realize the painful position in which converts from the Protestant ministry too often find themselves. In many cases they have renounced their only means of livelihood. They have made the wrench which conscience dictated from a system which at one time held their allegiance and to which they were by habit attached—a wrench involving acute suffering. In making it they have exchanged comparative ease and comfort for poverty, and in some cases for penury, for positive want, and that not for themselves only, but for their wives and families as well.

In middle age, or even later, they have to begin life over again, to face its cares and anxieties without means, without friends, without a career open to them, without a profession; for their clerical profession—for which alone they have been trained—has come to an end. "To dig they are unable," and if "to beg they are ashamed," who shall blame them? Can we be surprised that men and women of culture and refinement, accustomed to easy circumstances, and now condemned to beggary, should feel keenly the change in their position and the humiliation it involves?

Besides this, they have had to sever the old ties and associations of a lifetime, to run the gauntlet, it may be of sneers and ridicule from those they are leaving, to close their ears and steel their hearts against frantic appeals of old friends and former colleagues not to desert the church of their baptism, and the like.

It is to strengthen and support such as these that the Converts' Aid Society exists. A few examples may serve to illustrate the cases with which it has to deal.

One convert clergyman, who has since passed to his eternal reward, kept the wolf from the door by playing the piano at a common dance-hall for about 65 cents a night; an-

other, now also dead—who was helped generously in his last years by the Converts' Aid Society—at one time attended public houses for the purpose of seeing home in safety a comedian who went there regularly apparently with the definite intention of getting drunk!

In quite recent years, an elderly and delicate man living in a disused golf-house, was reduced to the necessity of selling his remaining pieces of furniture in order to avoid actual starvation.

Another case was that of a man who had pawned nearly everything except what he stood up in, and had only half a dollar in the world, with wife ill in bed and children hungry.

Yet others may be briefly noticed: A man with wife and children, quite penniless.

Several men—old and married and with no private means.

Two, middle-aged, with large families, who without the help of the Converts' Aid Society would inevitably have been sold out.

Many cases of younger men, married, with families and without private means, who, humanly speaking, owe everything to the Converts' Aid Society.

To render assistance in the early days of conversion is the primary aim of the Society but it will not surprise my readers to know that there are cases which necessitate continuous help. Convert clergymen as a class, it may be said, are never really independent after having taken such a

drastic step. They are liable—and indeed this constantly happens—to lose the posts they do obtain. Help, therefore, for such converts is often needed, as much later as at the time of conversion.

**M**ORE recently the Converts' Aid Society has extended its scope by giving help to convert Anglican "nuns," of whom there are an ever-increasing number.

With regard to these ex-Anglican Sisters, the amount of financial help required until now has, fortunately, not been large. Sometimes, after a year's probation, they find they have a vocation in one of the many Orders of the Catholic Church; in other cases they are comparatively young and strong, and it is possible, although perhaps never exactly easy, to find work for them; but there is a certain number whose age and infirmities make either of these courses impracticable.

An ex-Anglican Sister, the sole support of an aged mother, who applied to the Converts' Aid Society eight years ago, at a time when the Society was allowed to help convert clergymen only—and owing to its very small income could only do that in a most inadequate way, writing to me the other day, said:

"I have been through a most terrible time for the past eight years. Many times homeless, and starving and ill, but still Almighty God has been very good in sending me help from time to time."

After she had received a grant from the Society, she wrote:

"It is too wonderful; I simply do not know how to express to you the gratitude I feel in my heart. I was so overjoyed that I had to put on my things and run to the church, and thank our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother."

I feel so sure that if Catholics throughout the world became acquainted with the Converts' Aid Society—the only Society which exists for this particular work—they would not be able to look with unconcerned eyes at the destitution which awaits those who leave all to follow Christ.

When I was in Rome at the end of 1929, the Holy Father graciously received Mrs. Chambers and me in private audience, in his private study. His Holiness referred to the work of the Converts' Aid Society as "This most delicate and most exquisite Charity" and promised a PRIVILEGED BLESSING to all those who should help "This most noble work."

#### EDITOR'S NOTE

**W**E TRUST that this article may be the means of enlisting the interested sympathy of some, at least, of our Readers in behalf of the many clergymen whose conversion to the Church has meant to them the loss of their very livelihood. Those who wish further information about the Convert's Aid Society or who wish to give financial assistance to it are requested to write to the secretary:

Frederick W. Chambers,  
20 Holmes Road,  
Twickenham,  
Middlesex, England.

# NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE SIGN. ADD 10% OF PRICE FOR POSTAGE.

**FREIGHTERS OF FORTUNE.** By Norman Beasley. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$3.50.

In this Story of the Great Lakes the author traces the history of our inland sea from August 7, 1679 when La Salle sailed, in command of a party of French, into the Unknown down to present time when the same sea carries on its broad bosom an almost unparalleled commerce.

It is a story of Romance, Tragedy and Drama. The author furnishes in picturesque language a vivid historical narrative of discovery, mining and adventure. And the Romance, the Tragedy, the Drama still go on. It is only the characters that change. "If yesterday the flow of these waters carried a commerce of romance, today, the flow of these same waters carries a commerce that, too, is romance. For, after all, the setting is the same. Ships still disappear in the deep depths of Superior; ships still crash against the shores of Lake Huron; ships still keep at anchorage against the treacherous Erie."

At the present time when so much is being said about the development of our inland waterways this informative book should have a special appeal.

**MEDITATIONS OF A HERMIT.** The Spiritual Writings of Charles de Foucauld. Translated from the French by Charlotte Balfour. With a Preface by René Bazin. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$2.25.

In a certain sense the title of this work is a misnomer. These spiritual writings of de Foucauld are mostly extracts from his *Meditations on the Gospel*, correspondence and retreat notes. The book is divided into four parts. The extracts in the first part were written during his stay, as a Trappist monk, at Béni-Abbes in Syria from June 17, 1890 until February, 1897. After six years with the Trappists, he offered himself as a common servant to the Poor Clare nuns at Nazareth. It was during the three years—1897-1900—that he spent with them that he wrote what makes up the second part of the book. Ordained priest in 1901, he returned to Africa. In 1904 he went further into the desert and settled at Tamrasset where he was assassinated by Mohammedans because of his influence as a priest and Frenchman. His writings from 1901 to 1916 are found in the third part of the book. The fourth part is concerned with his work as the apostle of the Mussulmans. Charles de Foucauld, ex-officer of the

French army, was converted in his thirtieth year. He has had perhaps the most extraordinary vocation in modern times, and the spiritual writings in this book derive their chief significance from the personality of their author.

**THE MASS-DRAMA.** By Rev. William Bush. The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. \$0.35.

This 94-page, paper bound pamphlet presents an outline of the structure of the Mass as a whole. It is a brief and lucid exposition of the essence of the Holy Sacrifice. The author justly complains that "the great majority of Catholics . . . have no idea of active participation in the liturgical sense. They 'assist at Mass' in the sense of standing by, being present while the Mass is celebrated, 'mute spectators' they are called in a papal letter. They occupy themselves with favorite private devotions. . . . The Mass is something done for them; it is not at the same time done by them." We recommend this valuable work to the members of our teaching Orders. It may be too late to do much for our adult Catholics, but our children should be taught how to take an intelligent part in the central act of Christian worship.

**THE POWER AND SECRET OF THE JESUITS.** By René Fulop-Miller. The Viking Press, New York. \$5.00.

This somewhat ponderous volume, now in its second American edition, comes to hand loaded down with a plethora of extravagant encomium. Jesuits have lauded it and Freemasons praised it. Editors, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, have commented most favorably upon its worth. Such various names as Maurice Maeterlinck, Selma Lagerlof, Michael Williams, Father Wynne, S.J., John B. Watson, and Gerhart Hauptmann are among its more prominent "boosters." Even before its publication, several chapters appeared in serial form in one of our Catholic weeklies.

Alone, amid this chorus of commendation, the editor of the Jesuit publication, *America*, writes in protest and dissent. Notwithstanding that another Jesuit, Alfonse Kleiser, finds this book " . . . full of spiritual thought, of world embracing content . . . "

It is an imposing book. A mere glance at the table of contents fairly amazes one. As one reads along he is impressed with the immense amount

of painstaking research such a work must have entailed. There is no stone of Jesuit history left unturned; no scandal, calumny, philosophical battle, or immortal achievement, that is not searched out, brought to light, and commented upon.

The author pleads his impartiality, and justly. He really is impartial. But he is scarcely free from error. As long as he sticks to the history of the Jesuits he is safe. In the historical pages and phases of his book he is indeed fascinating and tremendously interesting. However, when he tries to turn philosopher he plunges out beyond his depth. He devotes many pages to a discussion of free will and the moral philosophy of the Jesuits. Herr Fulop-Miller might have let well enough alone.

The book is valuable as a chronicle of the activities and accomplishments of the Society of Jesus. It is exceptionally well written, suffers nothing in translation, is up-to-date, and filled with vivid descriptions and lively narrative. But whence the "Power" and what is the "Secret" of the Jesuits?

**AMONG THE FRANCISCAN TERTIARIES.** By Nesta De Robeck. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$3.75.

This volume contains sketches of the lives of seven distinguished members of the Third Order of St. Francis of Assisi, with an introductory chapter on the Third Order, and two appendices, —one on the Rule of 1221, and the other a list of canonized and beatified members of the Third Order. The sketches are of such great servants of God as Blessed Angela of Foligno, St. Margaret of Cortona, St. Louis IX, Blessed Ramon Lull, St. Bridget of Sweden, Blessed Ippolito Galatini and Giuseppe Cottolengo.

The book should make a special appeal to all American members of the Third Order, and in fact to all Catholics who would sanctify themselves in the world. The author graciously says: "My most grateful thanks to all the kind friends who have helped me, the scholars who have taught me, and above all to the Saints who have so enriched my life by what I have learnt of theirs."

**PUDSY KELLY'S GANG.** By Nanky Poo. Society of St. Columban, St. Columban's, Neb. \$1.00.

This slender volume of verses in the manner of James Whitcomb Riley and Edgar Guest could scarcely be classi-

field as great poetry. Nevertheless, we think Nanky Poo a bit too modest in his introduction. If these little rhymes have not the fibre of immortality at least they have a soul; they are homely, realistic, touching, and full of understanding.

Three great factors of all poetry are tone, color, imagination and emotion. Nanky Poo is not so successful in the first, does somewhat better in the second, but is very good in the last. One cannot read "Billy Kovski" without feeling a tug around the heart-strings. "Not Just Now" is thought provoking.

In its genre this book is far and away a leader. It is pungently true to life. To how many of us will it not recall memories? "The Gang," "Casey's Lot" and other names and places were known to us under some other titles, perhaps. And if Nanky Poo is not so much concerned about the artistic rendering of his themes, it is simply because he is eager to tell his story, which he does in a vivid and fascinating manner. The verses are reprinted from the children's page of *The Far East*—the best children's page in American Catholic journalism.

#### **NEWRY.** By John Richard Moreland. James T. White, New York.

Another volume of poems from the able and prodigious pen of John Moreland, and one well worthy of recommendation. He ever writes with free, easy simplicity, clear vision, and quiet emotion. In this little volume there is a freshness and a buoyancy that is exhilarating. The winds, the dunes, and the rolling, swelling sea are his handmaids; nature glows beneath his magic pen.

This love of nature, so evident, induces one to find in the songs of Newry a recurring note of those two geniuses, Wordsworth and Father Tabb. The similarity to the latter is the more pronounced, for Wordsworth was tinged with materialistic notions. There is Tabb's depth of vision in Moreland, although lacking somewhat in intensity and clearness. "Conflict" is striking in its resemblance to the priest-poet.

There is beauty, color and warmth in these lyrics, yet a simplicity that is appealing. Love, and joy, but especially Nature—flowers, trees, the winds, and the waves—reveal their secrets to Moreland. He transmits them to us in appealing verse.

#### **DIWAN.** By Rev. Gerald W. E. Dunne. Toledo Artcraft Co., Toledo, O. \$2.50.

This sheaf of some sixty verses comes ornately bound and artistically printed and arranged. It is a worthy sample of fine bookmaking. Neither do the verses that go to make it up belie their

setting. Mostly of a religious nature, they possess a gracefulness and lilt that make them true songs of the heart. There is a swing to them and an easy cadence. Some are about life, its joys and its woes; others about persons and places as "To Edgar Allen Poe" or "The Island in the Sea." In some there is a quaint medieval tone, as "The First Saxon Christmas," and "Twinsome Tales." Through all, however, there runs the thread of Catholic philosophy and ideals. The poems on the Sacred Passion are particularly well done.

#### **LIVING WITH THE CHURCH.** By Dom Otto Haering, O.S.B. Benziger Bros., New York, N. Y. \$1.36.

This book is described as being a text book of instruction in the liturgy. In reality, however, it is much more than a mere collection of dry facts. It presents the entire scope of the Church liturgy, with the history, meaning, and spiritual import of all the principal feasts and things liturgical. Appended to each is an admonition summing up the personal lesson contained. A study of this excellent manual will reveal to every intelligent lay person that he or she may learn therein of the incomparable riches of the liturgy of the Catholic Church. As a text book it will be found invaluable. The order followed and the presentation of matter lend themselves easily to classroom use. The Benedictines of St. John's, Collegeville who are responsible for this work are to be congratulated for another stride forward in their endeavor to popularize the liturgy.

#### **HEART TALKS WITH JESUS.** Third Series. By Rosalie Marie Levy. Box 158, Sta. D, New York, N. Y. \$1.00.

The third series of this well known Jewish convert's beautiful little book of devotion now appears. It marks a departure from the style and content of the other series. They contained, for the most part, prayers and poems. This latest is a compilation of maxims and bon mots of the saints and holy men and women. There is a selection for each day of the year, and to nearly all are appended suitable texts from Scripture or short ejaculatory prayers.

#### **SAINt AUGUSTINE.** By Giovanni Papini. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$3.00.

The much heralded "biography" at last arrives, and is well worth waiting for. As a writer, Signor Papini has a way with him. There's no denying that. He is clever. His prose is strong, virile stuff; powerful and unforgettable. He possesses an almost uncanny ability for weaving phrases, and his

choice of telling adjectives is amazing.

This is no ordinary biography. The author informs us of this when he says in his introductory remarks: "My chief concern has been to write the story of a soul . . ." He has accomplished his task admirably. Neither has he descended to a mere "debunking" process which such a purpose as the above mentioned could easily lead to. Augustine stands before us stripped of all legend and romantic fancy; the real Saint Augustine. Not the tardy prodigal of the moderns, nor yet the impossible creation of so many pious hagiographers. ". . . not only the architect of theology and the giant of philosophy but also the brother, who, like ourselves, has suffered and sinned, the saint who scaled the walls of the city of eternal joy and seated himself at the feet of God . . ."

Piece by piece, beginning in far-off Numidia and extending to the end of his long life at the age of seventy-six, Papini unfolds for us the story of this Doctor of the Church. He concludes with a chapter on the "Greatness of Augustine," in which he fairly surpasses himself.

The work of translation by Mary Prichard Agnetti is exceptionally well done and brings with it all the force and sincerity of Papini's own trenchant pen.

#### **MEN AND DEEDS.** By Brother Julian. Macmillan Co., New York, N. Y. \$6.00.

We have all read the stories of our nuns and of our priests. Here is a story of another class of laborers—a body of men who have been hitherto unsung: our teaching brothers. Men and Deeds is the history of the Xaverian Brothers' magnificent accomplishments for the Church in America.

It all makes interesting and highly edifying reading. The lot of these heroic men is a humble one. They never court the glory and praise of men but perform their labors in obscurity and with the true spirit of sacrifice. To read this book is like reading some hidden phase of Church history. As Archbishop Curley well says in his Foreword, "With profit indeed might we turn the pages of the Xaverian past to find much to admire and more to imitate in the lives of these men."

The book abounds in illustrations and the type and binding are fit to please the most fastidious, but one would wish that the price were a bit lower in order the better to spread wider the vocation and work of the Xaverians.

# I Talk to Myself

AN INFORMAL MEDITATION BY THE EDITOR

**F**ROM time to time I have been asked: Is it really worth while to work so hard and to sacrifice so much for the conversion of the Chinese people?

I answer: IT IS.

There is no such thing as nationality with God, neither does He draw any color line.

Why should I?

My Lord Jesus Christ died for the Chinese as well as for me. They have as much right to His Redemption as I myself have.

If I really love Him, I will do what I can for the salvation of *all* souls.

Nor will I count the cost. Nor will I be disappointed if the results of my work are meagre.

Duty and today are mine. Results and the future are with God.

I have a *personal* obligation to extend the Kingdom of Christ. I have *today* to do that duty in.

In doing it I become a co-worker with Christ. Can there be any higher honor for His professed follower?

To fail in this duty is to commit a sin of omission. It is to waste an opportunity for which I am personally responsible.

It is worse than that. It is to forfeit the high privilege of working *for* Christ and *with* Christ.

He puts Himself under an obligation to me. In a very true sense His success depends upon my cooperation with Him.

Not only does He condescend to accept my service. He actually needs it.

*Christ really needs the likes of me.*

There is a certain something that I can do for Him that no one else can do.

Will I do it? If I don't do it, it won't be done.

Now, who am I? I am a Catholic. I believe in Jesus Christ. In spite of all my sins, I hope that I have a little love for Him.

I am the reader of this notice. And I know something of what the good Passionist Missionaries are doing for God in China.

I most heartily approve of their work and I do sincerely hope that their labors will be abundantly blessed.

I appreciate the many and great sacrifices they are so generously making to spread Christ's kingdom.

But my mere approving appreciation will mean little, if anything. I can make it mean much by turning it into spiritual and material help.

I can pray for them. They say that they need many prayers.

I can give them some money, if only a trifle, for the upbuilding of their chapels, schools and hospitals.

The Missionaries will be grateful. They will pay me back in the coin that counts—their prayers, sacrifices and Masses.

*Long after I am dead and forgotten, even by my very own, their prayers and those of their successors will commend me to God.*

**T**o PLANT Christ's Cross in China is the ambition of these Missionaries. Could there be a more worthy one? It *must* and does appeal to me.

I have done some things *against* Christ. Here is my opportunity of doing something *for* Him.

The something I do may not be much. But it will be something. And, besides, it will prove that I am with Christ and for Him.

Before I forget it, I will copy out the address. Here it is:

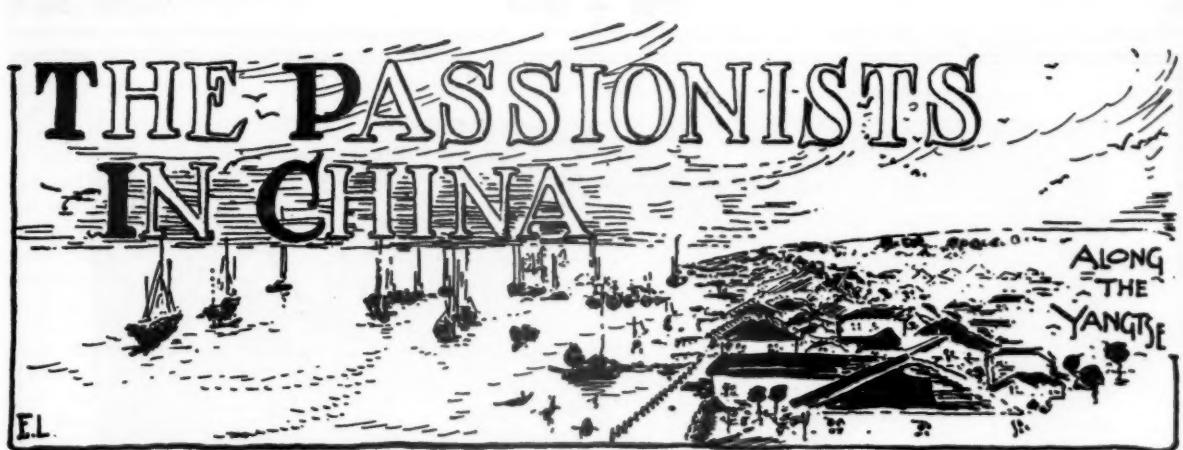
**PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED**

[LEGAL TITLE]

Care of THE SIGN

UNION CITY

NEW JERSEY



## We Enter a Besieged City

After our annual Retreat at Shenchow Father Gregory McEttrick, C.P. and I went to Chenki by mule. It was a forty mile trip and we managed to make it in one day. At 6:30 P.M., on March 24, we reached Chenki and there met Fr. Anthony Maloney, C.P., the missionary of that place and its outstations. The next day we tried to get a military escort to Kienyang direct. But even as the Chenki catechist, Mr. Sen, was asking the officer in charge about an escort from the local troops, they were making ready for forced marches up river. Mr. Tang, the ranking officer, requested us kindly to remain at Chenki for a few days. He could not tell us more as his orders were secret.

Later we heard that the sudden military order to march to Hung-chiang and Kienyang was due to a revolt of some of the troops and the armed attack on General Chen Han Chang. Eight assassins fired at the General on the morning of March 24, as he was riding home in a chair from the theatre. It is said that four bullets had entered his chest and stomach, and that at the Hungchiang hospital two bullets were removed successfully. Little hope was held out for his life. The anxiety over the possible entrance into Hungchiang of the rebel troops under Commander Li Pao Cheng caused the hurried removal of the dying General from Hungchiang. He was put on a boat and taken down stream sixty miles to a place called Tung Wan, whence

By JEREMIAH McNAMARA, C.P.

by chair he was carried to his ancestral home at Hwai Hwa. It is commonly believed now that he died in the chair near that place.

From the evening of March 24 until April 6 we were delayed at



It's one of the long trails winding around the mountain, frequently travelled by our missionaries.

Chenki. During these days Fathers Miles McCarthy, C.P., and Antoine de Groeve, C.P., arrived from Shenchow by boat. They had also attended the same Retreat as ourselves at Shenchow. With the missionaries of Chenki we made five.

Not until Passion Sunday after Mass did we have the slightest hope of reaching Kienyang, or even starting for that mission. Just as we came from the parochial Mass that Passion Sunday at Chenki, our Christian helper (catechist and cook combined) ran to tell us that eight soldiers of the loyal troops of the deceased General had arrived in Chenki on a lumber barge, and that possibly we could get them to escort us slowly up the river to Hungchiang or Kienyang. With this well-armed escort, we arranged to leave Chenki, and on the morning of April 7 started on our way. Fr. Miles of Supu Mission accompanied us the first day of our long trip. We were to travel by way of Da Chiang Kou, our outstation of Supu. We made the twenty-five miles over the mountains safely and stopped for a rest at the very spot on the top of the mountain where Fathers Anthony and Ernest were held up by bandits in 1928.

ARRIVED at Da Chiang Kou we spent the night in the mission there, and had the joy of offering Holy Mass next morning in thanksgiving for a safe trip thus far. There we left Fr. Miles, who obtained an escort of Home Guard Police to take him the twenty miles or so to Supu,



The modern, as also the ancient, way of getting the family water supply in Hunan.

at which mission Fr. Flavian Mullins resides. We left Da Chiang Kou on the morning of April 8, and arrived about noon at a place called Hwang Ch'i Kou. There was nothing exceptionally thrilling about that part of the trip, but it was rather tantalizing, after having travelled for six hours from one mountain top to another, to be able to see the town of Da Chiang Kou, apparently only a short distance away. Finally we reached the highest summit and then quickly descended to the small town of Ywang h'i Kou, where once a Catholic mission had been established but had been burned down by bandits. The bandit-ridden condition of the place made it impossible to re-establish the mission there. After another four miles of tiresome travel, our escort asked us to call it a day, and we put up for the night at Lung Tu Ngan (Dragon Head Temple). We had travelled from early morning until 3 P.M. and had only covered about fifteen miles. This gives one an idea of fast (!) travel in China. A book could be written about our stay at Lung Tu Ngan—fear of bandits, worry about being robbed during the night, and life in a typical Chinese inn. I fell into deep sleep as

the proprietor of the establishment was attempting to sing a Chinese folk song to a wailing little baby, perhaps a lullaby, but the baby wailed the louder.

On April 9 at daybreak we departed from Dragon Head Temple. Having walked along about eight or ten miles, we had to cross the river to the town of Tung Wan. The day was interesting for the dangers it had in store for us. As we crossed the river we were thrilled at the way in which the little boat was tossed about at the mercy of the swift waters of the Yuan River. But it was more thrilling still to see, on the bank for which we were making, no less than one hundred men in uniform and well-armed. Could these soldiers be bandits? As we neared the shore, they questioned us as to our identity. They felt relieved when they discovered that we ourselves were not bandits, even as our hearts were overjoyed to know that they were the local Home Guard Police.

**A**s we were leaving Tung Wan our escort laid hands on a man they judged was a bandit. This man was watched and guarded all along the way. We had gone about five

miles when of a sudden we were ordered by our soldiers to put down our umbrellas. Inconvenient as it is to carry an open umbrella while riding a mule, we were compelled to do so as a protection from the hot rays of the broiling sun. Unfortunately, Father Gregory and I had not brought along our sun helmets. It was hard to obey the injunction to shut our umbrellas. Soon, however, we knew why the command was given. Only about sixty yards ahead of us on the road were two armed bandits, who were hailing a down-river boat just as they saw us coming along. Seeing us and not knowing how many we were, they took to their heels and at a bend in the road they disappeared into the hills. All this while strict silence was demanded of us all—and you can imagine the anxiety we felt as every moment we expected to be ambushed by bandits.

Another incident that day which caused me no little fright was when my mule, after attempting to cross a very wobbly log bridge, extending over a gully-pass on a precipitous road, unexpectedly turned sideways, jumped off the bridge, tried to bury its feet in a wall of rock,

then fell down into the gully and nearly threw me under the bridge and down the precipice. Luckily, I managed to catch myself on the logs of the bridge, work myself out of the saddle, turned a somersault from the mule's back onto the bridge, landed on the top of it and was saved from falling over it and down the precipice by the timely aid of Mr. Pius Cheng, our catechist of Kienyang Mission. In making my escape from the mule's back to the bridge, I just missed breaking my leg which was jammed against the bridge by the mule's body. After bringing the mule up out of the gully, we made the pass and got on our way. All had a merry laugh at my agility, seeing that I weigh 250 pounds, net.

We still had a few miles to travel that day and so in a short time reached the ferry which took us across the river to Shi Lo Ho. We arrived there at noon—and had travelled about fifteen miles that day. Our escort said that we could not make twenty more miles that afternoon and they feared to stay at the smaller towns below Ngan Kiang (of which you have heard from Fr. Quentin Olwell, C.P., over WLWL radio station). We sought a Chinese hotel and stayed there.

Towards 6 P.M. that evening we were surprised to see a whole army

coming across the river at the place where we had crossed that afternoon. We soon learned that these were government troops of the same army as our escort, and were bringing ammunition to the army of the assassinated Chen Han Chang. But we were startled when we were told that all these bullets, some forty or eighty boxes full, were by previous arrangement to be put into the same room which we had hired and that we would be allowed to sleep in that room, but we were asked to leave vacant one of the four beds for the officer who was in charge of this crowd of soldiers. The bullets arrived and were placed in our bedroom in good order and a guard placed at the door to watch them.

**A**LL went well until midnight. Nothing happened as regards the bullets—but the pestilential Chinese bed bugs came out in battle array, and I woke out of a deep slumber covered with bed bugs and large welts on arms and face—bitten aplenty. The officer in charge of the ammunitions had also arisen. Up to near midnight he and an under officer had taken turns smoking opium out of a long pipe over a small lamp. As I arose I discovered the officer also making war on the bugs. The inn-keeper came to the rescue of the

officer and took down a door and put it across two benches for the officer to lie upon. He would have done the same for me but I told him that I had had enough sleep. So I got a bench on which I made sure there were no bugs and sat on it from midnight till day-break.

At dawn we started from Shin Lo Ho. Without mishap we travelled five miles further up the river and rested for breakfast. It wasn't much of a meal but fortunately we had a good cup of coffee, and so we were feeling fine when the order was given to continue the march. We travelled the rest of the way to Ngan Kiang—a station of Kienyang mission, and arrived there in the early afternoon. Our soldiers told us that they could escort us no further, and then left for the local barracks.

Next morning we said Mass early and at day break were attempting to get ferried across the river to Kienyang road. But impossible! We waited for two hours and then we learned that this delay of the ferry was due to martial law—only when ammunition had started across in special boats were other boats allowed to cross the river.

As we stood by the river side these two long hours, we noticed the many wounded soldiers who were placed upon the hospital sampans. We



The very latest style in Hunan fishing boats. These types use no motor but are propelled at right speed by plenty of elbow grease. The right speed is determined by the individual.



Some of the crowd returning from the Sung Peh Ts'ang market could not be induced by Father Cormac to get into the picture.

found out that there were more than eighty here at Ngan Kiang of the wounded, and there were many more down at Da Chiang Kou and Shin Lo Ho. These had been wounded in the battle of Kienyang where more than two hundred men were reported killed. Many died because of neglect. The city of Kienyang was still being besieged; on all sides except the east it was surrounded by enemy troops.

We were making for that city also, yet our chances were slight of being able to get the requisite military escort along the forty miles of road that distanced us from it. Our one chance of getting there lay in our becoming acquainted with the officer in charge of the ammunition convoy going to Kienyang that day.

**W**E MANAGED to cross the river safely and at a place called Tai Ping Chiang we had the good fortune to meet a disabled officer—a certain Mr. Liu Cheng Chiu—an old friend of my days at Lungtan (before the sad event of the deaths of our three Fathers, killed by bandits in April, 1929). Mr. Liu had been wounded at the battle of Kienyang and was now in command of this position, fifty miles or so behind the lines, and he was most kind but doubted if he could obtain an escort for us from the officer in charge of the ammunition supplies. He told us he would do his best. Thanks be to God, through the good offices of Mr. Liu, the officer in charge of the ammunition convoy, a certain Chiang Fang Chia, very kindly offered us the escort of his own bodyguard and in-

vited us to travel along with him and not to fear. At noon the ammunition convoy with about two hundred soldiers started on ahead of us out of Tai Ping Chiang.

Along the road Mr. Chiang Fang Chia was ever on the outlook for spies of the opposing rebels. One such suspect was closely examined—he was selling British-American tobacco cigarettes and acting as a small merchant. The soldiers sought to frighten him by putting their guns to his head. Later they stripped him, hoping to find some secret letter of information on him, which would be proof positive that he was a spy of the enemy troops of Li Pao Cheng. But nothing was found, although the cross-questioning had made it certain that the man was dishonest and a dubious character. He was placed under guard until we reached Kienyang, and there was put under surveillance until the siege of Kienyang would be lifted. At that time and not a moment before would this suspect be set free.

Due to our baggage, we gradually fell far behind the officer and his bodyguard. It was a forced march and the ammunition must reach Kienyang that night. The poor carriers, our catechist and our cook were foot-sore and weary, and this thirty miles from our noon day meal was hard mountain travel. Ordinarily, it would take a day and a half to make the forty miles we were attempting in one day. There was no food to be had and no time to delay to eat what we carried with us. On this single day we had to cross no less than ten times mountain

streams breast high. Fr. Gregory and I were fortunate in having mules to carry us across these streams without getting a drenching.

Despite the hardship of the trips we had some very enjoyable experiences; one that of meeting a certain Mr. Wang, a member of the Red Cross. He had met our Fathers before, especially a few years ago at Da Chiang Kou where he was taken captive when the Kweichow troops lost out to these very Hunanese he was now working with.

**I**T WAS getting dark and we still had ten miles to go. Three of the officer's bodyguard lagged behind, even as we were doing—and at our request they stayed near us for the next ten miles. Remember, we were travelling into a city that was besieged on three sides, we were not to enter by the fourth, the only side not yet surrounded. On the road into that section all manner of guards were placed. Out in the middle of rice fields an electric torch would flicker, its light reflected in the waters of the rice fields—then there would be a call to halt and for the countersign—and we would stop while one of these bodyguards would answer, "Kill the enemy." Then an explanation was given who we were. The officer was far ahead and had entered the city with the ammunition. He left his entire bodyguard three miles from town to escort us in. Within half a mile of town we got separated again from the entire bodyguard. At one place as we passed over a bridge we were halted; there in the darkest of the road, where we had supposed lay only one man hidden, we saw ten small cannons and machine guns. We learned that it was part of the army we were with beating a retreat out of Kienyang. We learned later that had we not reached Kienyang that night, we should have been stranded on the road or, in case we somehow reached Kienyang, we should have been in a city taken by bandits and a Red army. Luckily the ammunition arrived at Kienyang that night.

As we approached Kienyang, we were due to get one scare after another. Having fallen back again away from the bodyguard, we had difficulty in answering the call for the countersign. The last time we were halted, Fr. Gregory and I were still on our mules. We were still answering to the call to halt when three or four loud shots rang out

from across the river. We quickly dismounted and led our mules forward and away from the danger spot. We were groping in the dark, not knowing whether the shots had been fired by the rebel forces or by the very guards who were calling for the countersign.

To add to our anxiety, Fr. Gregory's stubborn mule refused to be led on, and as we were keeping as silent as possible in the darkness, it was no easy task to get the beast to go along, until I took Fr. Gregory's whispered advice and led my wonderful mule, Dolly, on ahead. The other mule followed after. We reached the city gate in safety at last. Thanks be to God!

It was the end of a six day trip from Shenchow. And now we both had our feet firmly within the walled city of Kienyang and soon were inside the Mission of the Agonizing Christ. Many of our Christians, especially women and little girls, had crowded into the mission for safety. Their faces bore signs of the anxiety in their hearts. They had huddled together here behind the strong walls of the mission, and united in daily prayer to God to spare them and the people of Kienyang. The first thing they told us was that it was good for us to be here for their sakes as they were sheep without a shepherd.

They brought in an unexploded seven pound shell that had landed on the roof over the room in which I write these lines.

On the evening of April 11, when we reached Kienyang, there was intermittent cannon and gun fire from across the river. Our mission is a target, as it were; perhaps not intentionally as the Magistrate's office buildings are next to it, and in those buildings the present commander of the Government troops has taken up his residence. For the reason that the rebel troops across the river wish to kill the present commander of these troops they fired direct at our Mission, judging that the shell would destroy the next-door building.

**E**ARLY on April 13, Palm Sunday, the troops in the city, helped by a few thousand of the Kweichow soldiers, crossed the river, at the junction of which Kienyang is situated, and met the enemy in gorilla warfare. We reviewed the battle from our roof. After an hour or two, when the clit-clit of the machine guns and rifles could be heard distinctly and when the valley was a cloud of smoke, we saw the rebels retreating to the top of the moun-

tain. On our side there were some twenty or thirty injured and a few killed. The enemy lost many in killed and wounded and lost also a few machine guns and a good store of ammunition.

I have not mentioned the havoc wrought in this district of Kienyang and Yuanchow. The poor people have suffered much—the rude acts of retreating troops, the barbarous acts of men under the sway of passion and in defeat are better left to be imagined than expressed. To deep poverty will be added poverty still deeper—for the poor people must strive to live on. Their beasts of burden, the buffalo cows used to plow their fields, have been stolen and slaughtered. I am told, too, that every living eatable thing (cows, pigs, chickens, ducks) have disappeared—eaten up during these trying days of warfare. It is harder still now that it is just time for the poor people to plow and plant their rice fields. Their beasts of burden are gone, their laborers also have been carried off to help the soldiers carry their guns and belongings. "With desolation in this land surely made desolate." I leave you to imagine what this district is to expect this coming year and next with famine and disease in the wake of the war which, apparently at least, seems to be about ended. Days of safety and peace seem to be on the horizon. Pray for our poor people; pray for us missionaries also.

Father Jeremiah's story of his trip from Shenchow to Kienyang gives our readers a sidelight on the exceptional difficulties our missionaries have to confront. Please do heed his request for the poor people and the missionaries themselves. They need your help!



Father Nicholas Schneiders, C.P., and his handy man setting out for a mission tour.

# A Chinese Mother

**A** CHINESE mother! Did you every try to shape a mental picture of such a one? Perhaps never having seen or read of such a person the picture was exceedingly blurred. Somehow or other I can't quite believe that you credited her with all those loving qualities we always attribute to our own mothers. We sort of imagine that no Chinese mother is worthy of being compared to that old Irish or German mother of ours. So I know you will be surprised when I say there are as good Chinese mothers as there are of any other race.

You are sceptical and would have a proof. Let me tell you then, of dear old Mrs. Li, just one of China's many mothers. For four years I knew her and although I had a sweet Irish mother at home, still Mrs. Li stole quite a place in my heart.

She was born of pagan parents who were highly respected in the town of Luki. At the age of sixteen she was given in wedlock to a neigh-

By RUPERT LANGENBACHER, C.P.

boring pagan youth. What had promised in the beginning to be a happy marriage, terminated far otherwise. The husband soon took to opium-smoking and the habit grew as the years passed by.

Six children were born of this blighted union, but only three survived. The young sorrowing mother strove in every possible way to cure her opium-craving husband. Her efforts, however, proved fruitless and soon poverty sat on the doorstep. First the furniture, prized marriage gifts, were sold piece by piece. These gone, bedding and clothing, the mother's included, were sold for a fraction of their worth. All to secure more money to be swallowed up in the purchase of opium.

The relatives and neighbors of the unhappily married woman earnestly entreated her to desert her worthless husband. But in vain. Notwithstanding his hated habit she re-

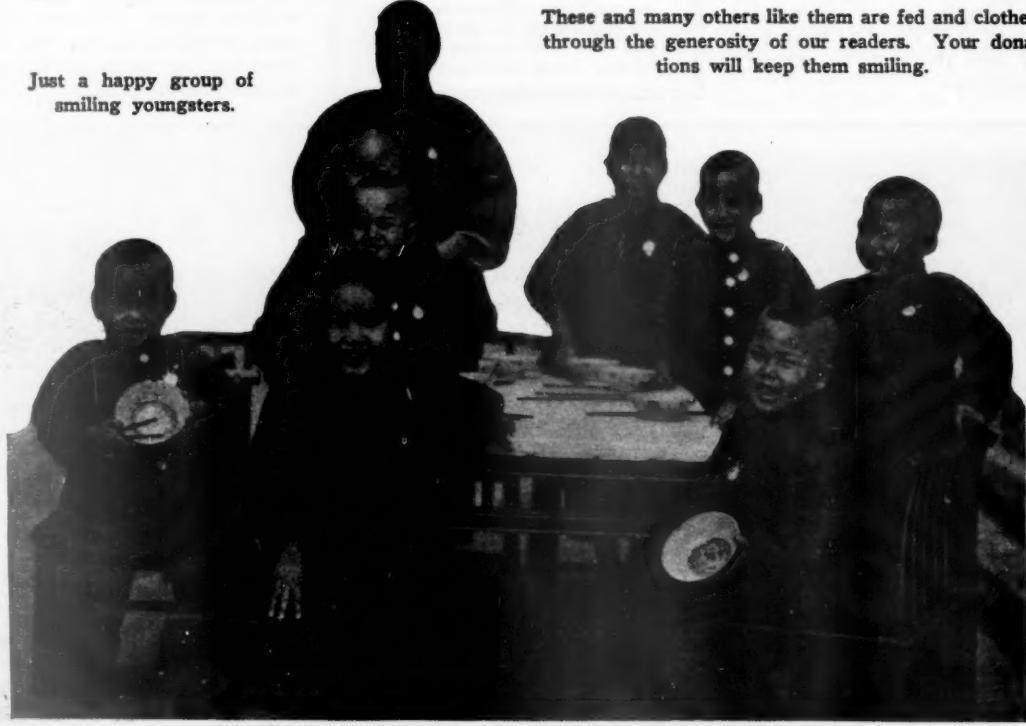
mained steadfast to him. Perhaps pity, more than love, prompted her in this; for the opium had made of its prey a physical wreck. Many were the dark hours she experienced and more than once the evil one tempted her to self destruction. Finally the slayer of millions claimed another victim, and the husband died of his vicious habit.

Our Chinese mother was now a young widow without means, but with three small children. It was about this time that God, casting His all-seeing Eyes over the Orient, saw her pitiful plight and hastened to her aid. She came in contact with a Catholic Missionary. Immediately, love filled her heart for the virtuous teachings of the new religion—for new it was to her—and soon she was numbered among the baptized.

After entering the Church she still found it impossible to provide for her three young sons. This led her to follow a custom, which in China is common, but which is scarcely heard of in America. She gave one of her

Just a happy group of smiling youngsters.

These and many others like them are fed and clothed through the generosity of our readers. Your donations will keep them smiling.



three boys to a neighboring rich merchant as his adopted son. The term signifying such a son is, "gan-er-tsi." Literally it means, "a dry son." The adopted boy not only takes the name of his foster-father but cuts himself entirely off from all relations with his real father and mother. For instance, when Mrs. Li's son was married she did not even receive a wedding invitation although she lived but twenty miles away.

It was also due to her inability to raise her remaining two sons that led our Chinese mother to take a second undesired step. This was to marry again. Fortunately her new husband was worthy in every way.

**A**LL this had happened before I met Mrs. Li; it was she who recounted it to me during one of our many friendly chats. And so it is, that only from what now follows have I been an eyewitness. From the incidents herein described do I draw my verdict that many Chinese mothers are inferior to none.

Since Our Blessed Mother stood beneath Calvary's Cross and gave up her Divine Son for all mankind, suffering and self-sacrifice has been the badge of true motherhood; and this badge Mrs. Li wears faithfully even to this day.

Four years ago her youngest son, a tailor unable to secure work, joined the army. For several months letters came telling of his whereabouts; then they abruptly ceased. A year or so later his companions-in-arms returned home, but the young man was not with them. Poor Mrs. Li was almost heartbroken. Hour after hour she spent before Our Lord in the tabernacle praying for word from her boy. Whenever a ragged soldier came to her door for alms, he was never turned away. For, as she often told me, she saw in each of them her own son, who perhaps stood in need of charity, just as they. For four years, Mrs. Li, she is now a sweet old lady past sixty, has resignedly borne the terrible suspense of not knowing whether her son is dead or alive. Yet withal, she is cheerful and God alone is witness of the anguish her mother-heart suffers.

Mrs. Li's devotion to Our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist is truly edifying. For the past ten years she has been a victim of tuberculosis. This has resulted in a hacking cough that is heartrending to listen to. Many times I have seen her in the morning with puffed eyelids and



BLIND AND HUNGRY

Blindness is a heavy cross to bear; but starvation is worse. This poor blind boy was saved from starvation by the goodness of our missionaries. There are many boys and girls both blind and hungry in our mission district in China. Your pennies, saved in a mite box, will not cure the blindness but will relieve the pangs of hunger. Of course, we'll be glad to send you any number of mite boxes.

Ask for one today!

YOUR RESPONSE?

cheeks caused from hours of coughing and a sleepless night. But although she could scarcely walk and needed to feel her way along the walls to get to the little chapel, she would not forego receiving Communion. What agonies she must have frequently undergone, on hot Oriental nights, when she denied herself a drink of water after an exhausting spell of coughing. At times when she could find no rest or relief she would rise and say her rosary, or read some spiritual book. What often appeared remarkable, both to herself and me was, that she would cough up to the time of receiving Holy Communion, but never immediately afterward.

Her charity to the poor always edified me. Unlike those who give alms which they never miss, Mrs. Li frequently gave when it meant a real sacrifice to herself. One year during a famine when she had not sufficient rice to nourish her own wasted body, she heroically shared her "mite" with those even less fortunate. Several times I had to forbid her giving her

own garments and bedclothing to the poor. She was unselfishness personified, and her generosity must have been as sweet incense to Heaven.

**N**EXT to sacrificing one's goods for Christ what could be greater than an actual desire to shed one's blood for the Faith! This desire was a real one with Mrs. Li. It was not expressed in times of peace, but when God's enemies were at the very threshold of the Church in China—in nineteen hundred and twenty-seven during the Communistic persecution of Christians. It was during those dark days that Mrs. Li told me more than once of her desire to be a martyr for the true Faith. And she said this knowing full well what horrible atrocities were resorted to in the killing of Christians. How like the early Christian mothers! Even they could show no greater love for Christ.

Like other good Catholic mothers, Mrs. Li has her own private devotions. One of them is never, under any circumstances, to omit her daily

tribute to Our Lady, the recitation of the rosary. But what I do consider a most remarkable custom—one could scarcely call it a religious devotion,—is her keeping a strict fast on each of her birthdays. You will be surprised, if not edified, at her motive for this act of penance. It is in grateful remembrance of her mother, for the pain she endured in giving her birth. What a unique tribute of love! What a splendid manifestation of gratitude to one's mother! It might well be copied by American children, as a worth-while gift to their deceased mothers on the annual "Mother's Day."

Considering the many virtues bound up in the attractive soul of old Mrs. Li, I was not greatly sur-

prised at an experience she related to me. She candidly admits there may be nothing supernatural about it, but as I remember it, this is what occurred. One day she lay in bed exceedingly ill. She felt she was going to die but there was no one to give her aid. The door was closed, nor was there anyone living close by. Just as she believed her last moment had come a beautiful woman appeared in the room. She had a glass of water in her hand and placed it to the lips of Mrs. Li. The sick woman drank of it and immediately was out of danger. Looking about the room for her gracious benefactor in order to thank her, she was astonished to see nobody. Neither was the glass to be found in the

room. Whether or not it was really Our Blessed Mother, Mrs. Li does not know, but her impression is that the beautiful lady was no other.

**T**HUS I conclude my pen picture of a "Chinese Mother." There are many details left out, but such as are given may help to afford you a clearer picture than you formerly had. It will also help you to understand why returned foreign missionaries ardently wish to go back to their flocks, and why American comforts are willingly exchanged for hardships in the Fields-Afar; for as long as there are good old Catholic Chinese mothers like Mrs. Li there will ever be found Western sons and daughters glad to help them.

## Nothing About Much

By WILLIAM WESTHOVEN, C.P.

I CAME across a remark in my reading yesterday. It was this: "Missionaries in China for half a decade of years don't need an Angel from Heaven to tell them that no single individual can know the whole truth about the Chinese." With me that statement is as adamantly true as the historical fact of my coming out to China in 1924.

From one such conviction flows many benefits, among which might be mentioned a humble mind, a willingness to learn, and an open-door policy as applied to mental orientation. It is not so much a question of give and take as forget and acquire. Forget what—acquire what? Half a myriad of things—and still we are not near the whole truth about the Chinese. Not yet near? No! I once heard a man say his brains had been gyrating around, under, above and by the side of persons and things for well-nigh onto forty years—and his final exclamation was, "Lord! save me, I perish." Poor man! he didn't have the faith of Peter.

I don't suppose a missionary ever came to China, or any other Oriental country for that matter, who didn't sit with his head in his hands more than once, thinking of the beasts mentioned by the Prophet Ezechiel who "when they went forward went back." There are such psychological phenomena as 'brain storms.' To experience these in the midst of and because of 400 millions of Chinese still outside the one true fold—well, the Catholic missionary has reasons

to appreciate his own precious gift of Faith the more. He begins to rest his soul in words of Jesus Christ: "All power is given to Me;" "Behold I am with you all days;" "Abide in Me."

Appendages of western civilization! Many of these the missionary does well to cast into the Pacific the



Not the most comfortable ride, but the best to be had at the time.

first moment he sights the Orient. But it is a slow process, slower than growing into manhood. Many a young, ardent apostle sings poems in his heart ere he sets out on the "teach-all-nations" Apostolate. He does well! Many an old, lived-his-days missionary also makes poetry in his soul. This is as it should be! But the refrain of those poems as sung in youth and in old age are not

the same. The theme underlying them may be identical, but the diction varies. More so the meter. He dares not allow himself to use interrogation marks (these would be derogatory to an unquestioning acceptance of God's will); but he does use exclamation points and dashes profusely.

What is all this 'nothing about much' leading up to? This: "I believe that the holocaust of three Passionist Missionaries in China is God's means of pouring grace on this arid portion of His vineyard, for which henceforth I venture to prophecy a fecundity it hitherto has not known." Cardinal Laurenti spoke those words to our Father General on the Feast of St. Paul of the Cross, 1929.

To these words of the illustrious Cardinal allow me to add this reflection of a far-seeing priest of God. He writes: "Here is ugly unpainted truth; here is the Apostolate without romance, stripped of all picture-book adventurings. Here is death. There is certainly no poetry in mission work as we now find it in China. There is little poetry anywhere in the Apostolate. The Catholic Church of America has had its baptism of blood for its labors in China. Three bodies lie low on the field of honor but the stains of flowing red which ebb from them into the dust mean seed, which under God, will bring riches to the Church in China."

**M**AY God be with us Passionists in China, and our friends with us in the charity of their prayers.

# Gemma's League of Prayer

**G**EMMA'S LEAGUE is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of united prayer.

**THE OBJECT:** To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and priests and Sisters in their difficult strength for our devoted missionary mission field.

**THE METHOD:** No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

**MEMBERSHIP:** The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. The "Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer.

**OBLIGATIONS:** It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly *spiritual* society. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are generous in their regular money contributions to the



GEMMA GALGANI.

## SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE

Masses Said	19
Masses Heard	20,265
Holy Communions	12,552
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	27,617
Spiritual Communions	136,120
Benediction Services	9,799
Sacrifices, Sufferings	31,760
Stations of the Cross	9,896
Visits to the Crucifix	27,754
Beads of the Five Wounds	36,419
Offerings of Precious Blood	207,915
Visits to Our Lady	20,462
Rosaries	33,420
Beads of the Seven Dolors	5,155
Ejaculatory Prayers	1,303,504
Hours of Study, Reading	13,550
Hours of Labor	49,158
Acts of Kindness, Charity	22,095
Acts of Zeal	33,040
Prayers, Devotions	413,010
Hours of Silence	26,715
Various Works	104,072

missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet might be reasonably expected.

**THE REWARD:** One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle for their spiritual works of mercy.

**THE PATRON:** Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Her "cause" has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

**HEADQUARTERS:** All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

## "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

**K**INDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

REV. FATHER CRONAN  
REV. VINCENT G. O'BRIEN  
SISTER M. BERTRAND  
SISTER MARY THECLA  
KATHERINE A. COUGHLIN  
MARY MORIARTY  
MARY E. ASH  
MARCELLUS A. BLAIR  
MRS. JOHN RILEY  
CORDÉLIA LOUISE FRIEZ  
FRANK McMAHON  
MRS. GEORGE LADD  
MORTIMER F. DOOLEY  
TIMOTHY HIGGINS  
PATRICK O'CONNOR  
DANIEL B. HANSEN  
FRANK PULLIS  
MR. DARDIS  
THOMAS HUGHSON  
KASPAR HELLER  
JUSTINA HELLER  
FLOYD M. WALKER  
ELIZABETH JANE BOWES

THOMAS GALVIN  
MAY B. BLANCHFIELD  
MARGARET GRETH  
FREDERICK J. WINTERS  
AGNES J. O'CONNELL  
MRS. GRAY  
CATHERINE F. COLLINS  
CORNELIUS DUGGAN  
JAMES S. CLEARY  
GRACE PUTNAM  
RUSSELL LYNCH  
JOHN HEDGE  
MARY A. CROWLEY  
MARGARET SHANLEY  
ANNIE L. HORGAN  
ANN J. WAINRIGHT  
MAGDALENE LEIBLE  
EDWARD THERAULT  
M. ANTOINETTE HAFNER  
FRANK T. McDONAGH  
JOSEPH MARTIN LEWIS  
CLEMENTINE PAQUET  
CLAIREE M. CAUFFIELD  
TIMOTHY LYONS  
KATHERINE REITMYER  
MILDRED MACKENZIE  
MARY J. A. TOLAND  
JOHANNA DAVIS  
MATTHEW RAINES  
MARY HUGHES  
M. E. FUREY

JAMES P. KELLEY  
MISS HANLEY  
JOHN J. LANNEIR  
ELIZABETH BIRNEY  
ANTONINO GAZZARDO  
MARY O'HANLEY  
JOHN B. SHEELS  
MRS. JAMES ARCHER  
BERNARD McKENNA  
DR. PHILIP S. ROY  
MRS. E. LYSTER  
ELIZABETH SULLIVAN  
MARY JANE TONAHAN  
SARAH THERESA BRYANT  
AARON PETER NAUMBURG  
NAZZARENO BERETTI  
KATHERINE DUNLEAVY  
CATHERINE L. LUX  
FRANCIS McGERTY  
MRS. R. F. RODDY  
ANNIE L. SIMPSON  
ELIZABETH SLAVIN  
MRS. C. TIERNEY  
EDWARD THOMAS  
MARGARET MARY BYRNE  
ANN McNULTY  
MISS K. MEENAN  
JOANNA BARTON  
HELEN C. BARTON  
ELEANOR KOENIG  
EMMA L. HANLEY

W. J. BURKE  
SISTER M. ST. THERESA  
SISTER M. ITA LONERGAN  
SISTER M. CYRILLA  
PICKERT  
SISTER M. VICTORINE,  
O.S.D.  
SISTER M. ST. CATHERINE  
SISTER AGNES MARY  
CLARA BURKE  
CHARLES LAGO  
BRIDGET LAMBERT  
MISS S. REUTER  
MARY ECKHARDT  
PAUL JOHNSON  
FRANK FAMELLA  
ANTONIO FAMELLA  
TEOFIL FAMELLA  
BARBARA BURKHARDT  
MRS. G. BROWN  
FRANK BECHER  
ANNA MEHRTENS

**M**AY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen.

## WHO WILL DIE TONIGHT?

**T**HOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship.

Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tomorrow may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

## LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

*I hereby give and bequeath to PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of ..... (\$ ..... ) for the purpose of the Society, as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, taking his receipt therefor within ..... months after my demise.*

*In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this ..... day of ..... , 19*

Signed .....  
Witness .....  
Witness .....  
Witness .....

## Painless Giving

**A** GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish.

ADDRESS: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC.,  
THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a Bank. It will be sent you by return mail!

Please write or print Name and Address very plain.

# For Christ's Cause: Three Suggestions

1

**R**EADERS of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comforts they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

2

**N**OT ONLY do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300. per year is required for the support of an aspirant. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000., the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

3

**I**T HAS been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

*I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the State of New Jersey, the sum of . . . . .*

*(\$ . . . ) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.*

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever remembrance you care to make.

**MISSION  
NEEDS**

**STUDENT  
BURSES**

**YOUR  
LAST  
WILL**

**Your Cooperation Solicited! Address:  
Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J.**

# Where Put Your Money?

Get a Life Income  
Help Christ's Cause

You can't take it with you!



Will you hoard or spend it?  
Give it away or make a Will!

Why not buy Life Annuities?

#### What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

#### What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

#### What is the amount paid to the Annuitant?

The sum ranges from six to nine per cent interest on the amount of the gift given.

#### What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

#### When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

#### When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

#### If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

#### What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.

#### Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

#### Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

#### How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

6 to 9%

#### What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

#### What are its purposes?

Its purposes, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the education of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the Faith through home and foreign missions.

#### What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

1. **Permanence:** An Annuity Bond never requires reinvestment.
2. **Abundant Yield:** The rate of interest is the highest consistent with absolute safety.
3. **Security:** Annuity Bonds are secured by the moral as well as financial backing of the Passionist Order.
4. **Freedom from Worry:** Annuitants are relieved from the care of property in their old age, are saved from the temptation to invest their savings unwisely; and have the ease of mind obtained by the banishment of anxiety.
5. **Economy:** There are no commissions, lawyers' fees or waste in legal contests.
6. **Steady Income:** The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
7. **Contribution to the Cause of Christ:** An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

For further information write to

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC.,  
Care of THE SIGN,  
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY.

